Story Sermons

ZOBELL

BOOKCRAFT

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ALBERT L. ZOBELL, JR.

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by

ALBERT L. ZOBELL, JR.

"Illustrations open up the windows of the mind," is the apt description once used by a university speech professor. Here is another handy volume of "window-openers" to help you with your lesson and speech presentations.

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COMPILED BY

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To JEAN

Who has made four walls a home
And changed existence into life.

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COMPILER'S PREFACE

To become most effective, any message from the printed page must be translated into something more, Truly it has been said that "there is no teaching force that compares with the example of a good man's life."

This is the fourth volume of our Storyteller series.* We feel that the phenomenal way in which they have been accepted is an indication that you teachers, missionaries, and occasional speakers have found them to be an aid in the presentation of your materials. In short. it has been you who have made this series of books.

—ALBERT L. ZOBELL, JR.

*Other titles are *Storyteller's Scrapbook, Storyettes, Story Gems, and Story Classics.*

ACTIVITY

Have you ever walked down a city street that was lined with stately shade trees that rose heavenward until they formed a perfect arch high above? Then, near the trees on the same avenue of homey residences, have you seen a weather beaten telephone pole, perhaps deeply gashed and splintered? Although the pole stands as erect as the tree, it sprouts no branches, has no leaves of cooling color. What is the difference? The tree has roots; the telephone pole has none. The tree has tapped an unseen source of strength below the ground, and from it and the sunlight it draws its daily nourishment, while the pole is merely a piece of lifeless wood stuck into the earth. It is merely existing, while the tree is growing daily.

In a way, men are like that, too . . .

❦

Lost—A Boy—Not kidnapped by bandits and hidden in a cave to weep and starve and rouse a nation to frenzied searching. Were that the case a thousand men would rise to the rescue if need be. Unfortunately, the losing of the lad is without any dramatic excitement, though very sad and very real.

The fact is his father lost him. Being too busy to sit with him at the fireside and answer his trivial questions during the years when the

fathers are the only great heroes of the boys, he let go his hold upon him.

Yes, his mother lost him. Being much engrossed in her teas, dinners, and club programs, she let the maid hear the boy say his prayers, and thus her grip slipped, and the boy was lost to his home.

Aye, the church lost him. Being so much occupied with sermons for the wise and elderly who pay the bills and having good care for dignity, the minister was unmindful of the human feelings of the boy in the pew and made no provision in sermon or song or manly sport for his boyishness. And so the church and many sad-hearted parents are now looking earnestly for the lost boy.

Bronson Alcott was a teacher who lived far beyond the comprehension of his time by insisting that it was never a "bad boy" who was to blame but only those who lacked the patience and the care to probe beneath the surface for what was good, no matter how unpromising or unfriendly the surface might be.

Perhaps it was this realization that there were no weeds in Bronson Alcott's schoolroom that prompted his friend, the great Ralph Waldo Emerson, to write the epigram: "And what is a weed? A plant whose virtues have not been discovered."

We have all seen folk brought back to a life of church activity and spiritual strength because someone has believed that the person was not all bad. Indeed, a little act of kindness, an invitation to come back, has often been the turning point, not only in the life of the one person, but in the lives of his entire family. How many persons do you know whose virtues have neither been discovered nor developed into the right and useful channels?

Once on a February morning, a little sunbeam was sent by its mother to pay a visit to the earth. The sun was just rising over the eastern sea when the sunbeam set out. "Good-bye, little one," said the mother, "be happy, work well, and come back to me in the evening. I shall be waiting to put you to bed."

"All right, Mother!" cried the sunbeam, and away it went skipping and dancing over the waters. The ocean laughed beneath the glance of the small sunbeam, and a lazy boy who was just yawning his way out of bed said, "Oh, my, what a wonderful day! I must buck up and get out to the garden before it is time to go to school. I am certainly glad to see that the sun is shining."

His remark gave the sunbeam an idea, for it had overheard the word "garden." It peeped into the garden and saw a poor little snowdrop strug-

gling into life. It kissed the snowdrop, and the flower blossomed beneath the touch of its warm lips. It cheered the birds in the trees; it helped to lift the cares and burdens of businessmen and weary women; it brought sunshine to some children playing in a city park. Next, it visited a slum, chuckling with glee all day long until evening came. Then it was very tired, but it had just one more job to do. It lighted up a mountain peak where the snow lay, and the mountain top turned to rosy pink. Then with a sigh the sunbeam returned home and fell asleep in the arms of the mother sun. It felt very happy and contented over the events of the day.

The best way to be happy ourselves is to make others happy by filling our hearts with love.

AMBITION

Two men stood at the bottom of a deep pit. Before them were stairs that led up — up to a better position on their job and in life.

Slowly one of the men started to climb those steps — a little unsteadily at first, but gaining confidence as he went along. The other remained on the bottom of the pit, following the steps with his eyes as he stared upward. But he made no other visible effort to climb them.

Sometimes it's that way with us as opportunities present themselves. At that moment, are

we going to be found staring up the stairs or stepping up the stairs of our responsibilities?

Marvin O. Ashton, late member of the Presiding Bishopric, used to tell the story of how no one needed to be concerned about keeping live lobsters in any kind of a pen at all. The lobsters themselves were the best insurance that no single lobster would ever get away. If one lobster gets a little more ambition than his fellows, lifting himself above the others, the lobsters immediately combine to drag the ambitious fellow down to the level of the group.

The application of the story is obvious — how many members of the human family are kin to lobsters when they see an associate reaching for a new goal in life.

Down in the bottom of the pond in the mud and the slime and the grime of things, one day appeared a little black hard ball shaped bulb. The intruder at the bottom of the pond excited much attention and comment among the low life in the water.

"What are you?" asked creeping, crawling things.

"I am a water lily," came the confident answer.

"We've heard of you — and we're glad to see that you're really nothing more than a black hard ball nestled in the mud of a common, ordinary pond."

"No," cried the water lily, "Judge me not. Estimate me not until you know what it is in me to become. Wait and see."

Then one day the sun's golden, warm rays penetrated the depths of the pond, and suddenly (or so it seemed) there was a green ball on the water's surface connected to the water's depths by a long stem.

"What are you?" the fishes and the frogs cried.

"I am a water lily."

And they laughed and said, "We know now what a water lily is. It is a green ball lying on the surface of a pond with a long stem like a rubber tube hanging on to it."

"Judge me not, for you know me not," came the quiet reply. "Wait and see what I will become."

And with the help of the sun's warm caress, the green bulb burst and the petals of the water lily came into view. Fragrance filled the air. It was a beautiful lily.

"Now," cried the fishes and the frogs, "we know what a water lily is. A water lily is a beautiful flower whose fragrance fills the air, lying like a gem in the midst of the pond."

"Yes," said the water lily. "You know now what I am. But in the beginning I was that black ball lying in the mud—but I had ambition."

Three brothers left the farm to work in the city, and all got jobs in the same company, starting out with the same pay. Five years later one was receiving three hundred a month; a second, five hundred, and the third, one thousand dollars a month.

Their father, hearing of these salaries, decided to visit his sons' employer and find out why they were paid on what seemed to be such an unfair basis.

"I will let them explain for themselves," said the employer, as he pressed a button under his desk. Jim, the lowest paid man of the three, answered.

"I understand the *Oceanic* has just docked," said the employer. "Please go down there and get an inventory of her cargo."

Three minutes later Jim was in the office. "She carries a cargo of two thousand seal skins," reported Jim. "I got the information from the first mate over the telephone."

"Thank you, Jim," said the employer, "that will be all."

He pressed the button again, and Frank, the five hundred dollar man, came in.

"Frank, I wish you would go down to the dock and get an inventory of the *Oceanic's* cargo."

An hour later Frank was back with a list showing that the *Oceanic* not only carried two thousand seal skins, but that she also had five hundred beaver and eleven hundred mink pelts.

The employer pressed the button a third time and George, the one thousand dollars a month man, walked into the office. He was given the same instructions his brothers had received.

George did not return for three hours, and the office had closed for the day. But his father and his employer were waiting for him.

"The *Oceanic* carries two thousand seal skins," he began. "They were offered at fifteen dollars each, and I took a tentative option on them, subject to your approval. I got a bid of twenty-one dollars for them from a prospect in St. Louis and have promised to wire him our reply in the morning. I also found five hundred beaver which we normally do not handle, but since I had an inquiry for some, I bought and sold them at a profit of seven hundred dollars. There were eleven hundred mink pelts of excellent quality, but as you always handle the mink, I took no action on them."

"That's fine, George," said the employer. Then, turning to the father, "See what I mean."

AMERICA

Benjamin Franklin, eighty-year-old Pennsylvania delegate to the Constitution, introduced this resolution in May 1787:

"In the beginning of the contest with Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the Divine protection. Our prayers, sir, were heard; and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. To that kind Providence we owe this happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we now forgotten that powerful Friend? Or do we imagine we no longer need his assistance? I have lived, sir, a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And, if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured, sir, in the Sacred Writings, that 'except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this; and I also believe that, without His concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests; our

projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a byword down to future ages. And what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, and conquest. I therefore beg leave to move, that henceforth, prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven, and its blessing on our deliberation, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business; and that one or more of the clergy of this city (Philadelphia) be requested to officiate in that service."

On one occasion the owner of a Pennsylvania worsted mill decided to find out how many different nationalities had had a share in the making of the large American flags he was shipping from his mill day after day. Here is the result of his investigation: the flags were made from the wool of American sheep; the wool (which was to be the flag) was sorted by an American, carded by an Italian, spun by a Swede, warped by a German, dressed by an Englishman, drawn in by a Scotchman, woven by a Belgian, inspected by a Frenchman, scoured by an Albanian, dyed by a Turk, pressed by a Pole, and examined by an Irishman.

There is the American flag of today, and there is the American community of today. All

these races are trying to live together and build together the America of tomorrow in which their children will inevitably find a common destiny. Somehow we must teach the members of these different national groups to live together as friends and Americans all!

In old Federal Hall, on April 30, 1789, George Washington was to be inaugurated as first President of the United States. At the last moment, Jacob Morton, marshal of the inaugural parade, discovered that there was no Bible for the new President to use as he took the solemn oath of office. He hurried to the lodge rooms of a nearby Masonic lodge of which he was a member, and took the volume from the altar. He then hurried back to the Federal Hall and George Washington took his oath. History records that only after the ceremony was it discovered that the Bible had been opened to Genesis chapters forty-nine and fifty. We wonder if it were such a random choice — we Latter-day Saints to whom it has been revealed that America is a choice land — the land of Joseph. Part of the forty-ninth chapter, to which the Bible was opened, under the hand of George Washington, on that fateful day so long ago, read:

> "Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall:

"The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him:

"But his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob; (from thence is the shepherd, the stone of Israel:)

"Even by the God of thy father, who shall help thee; and by the Almighty, who shall bless thee with blessings of heaven above, blessings of the deep that lieth under . . .

"The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills; they shall be on the head of Joseph, and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren."

(*Genesis* 49:22-26)

ATHEISM

An atheist was hunting in the north woods with a guide. Day after day the guide never failed to find a moment for prayer. At last one evening the hunter said to the guide: "How do you know there is a God?"

The guide fixed his eye upon the hunter for a moment, and then replied: "How do I know there is a God? How do I know that a deer and not a man passed last night? Was it not by the print of his hoof upon the ground?"

Then pointing to the sun whose rays were fading over the horizon, he simply added: "That footprint is not of man."

An atheist had monopolized the conversation at the dinner table at a Christian home with his theories of unguided science and evolution in the creation of the world.

Finally the dessert was finished, and he arose with a great deal of satisfaction, saying: "That was a very good meal. It must have required hours of intelligent labor in the kitchen this afternoon."

"On the contrary," the hostess replied, sweetly, "like this wonderful world where we are tenants, the preparation of that meal just happened — without anyone's guiding hand."

BIBLE

President Abraham Lincoln, a few months before he died, asked his old friend, Joshua F. Speed, who had known him from the beginning of his career, to spend the night with him at the Soldiers' Home. He arrived early in the evening, and as was his custom, he ran up to the President's room.

There was the President reading a book. As Mr. Speed came nearer in the twilight, he was

surprised to see that it was the Bible. He said: "I am glad to see you so profitably engaged."

"Yes," answered the President, looking up seriously, "I am profitably engaged."

"Well," said Mr. Speed, "if you have recovered from your skepticism, I am sorry to say that I have not."

The President looked him earnestly in the face for a moment, and then placing his hand gently on the doubter's shoulder, he said with unusual solemnity, as if for the moment the premonition flitted across his mind that these might be the last important words he should speak to his friend:

"You are wrong, Speed; take all of this Book on reason that you can, and take the rest on faith, and you will, I am sure, live and die a happier and a better man."

I speak every language under the sun, and enter every corner of the earth.

I bring information, inspiration, and recreation to all mankind.

I am the enemy of ignorance and slavery, the ally of enlightenment and liberty.

I treat all persons alike, regardless of condition.

I have power to stretch man's vision, to deepen his feelings and enrich his life.

I am a true friend, a wise counselor, and a faithful guide.

I am as silent as gravitation, as pliant and powerful as the electric currents, and as enduring as the everlasting hills.

I am the Bread of Life with the message of salvation for every soul.

I am the Bible.

A noted orator once asked Charles Dickens to name the most pathetic story in literature, and he said it was that of the Prodigal Son.

Samuel T. Coleridge was asked for the richest passage in literature, and he said it was the first sixteen verses in the fifth chapter of Matthew.

Daniel Webster was asked concerning the greatest legal digest, and he replied that it was the Sermon on the Mount.

No one has equalled Moses for law, or David for poetry, or Isaiah for visions, or Jesus for ethics, or Peter for holy zeal, or Paul for logic, or John for statements of sanctified love.

The Bible is the greatest of all books. We do well to stay close to its pages.

Too many of us are like the man who lingered after a lecture on the geography of the Holy Land, saying to the lecturer: "For the first time in my life I realized that Dan and Beersheba

were places. I always thought that they were man and wife, like Sodom and Gomorrah."

A backwoods couple had one son whom they thought would never "get religion." However, he was a good worker and seemed content to split rails all the day long.

Once an itinerant preacher chanced by, listened to the plight of the old folk, and took up labor with the lad. Soon the boy was engrossed with daily readings from his Testament.

Suddenly, and with a great deal of emotion one day he said: "This is what I have been looking for all my life. And now that I've found it, I am content."

"We're glad, Son," said his mother, "but wouldn't you like to share this great discovery with us."

"I won't have to split rails any more, because it says right here: 'What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.' "

BOOK OF MORMON

Jacob Gates, while en route to England to fill a mission, stopped at Richmond, Missouri, in 1849, to see his old friend, Oliver Crowdery.

"Oliver," he said, "I want you to tell me the whole truth about your testimony concerning

the Book of Mormon—the testimony set forth to the world over your signature in that book. Was your testimony based on a dream, was it the imagination of your mind, was it an illusion, a myth? Tell me truthfully."

To question him thus seemed to touch Oliver very deeply. He answered not a word, but arose from his easy chair, went to the bookcase, took down a first edition Book of Mormon, turned to the testimony of the three witnesses, and solemnly read it aloud. Then he faced his visitor:

"Jacob, I want you to remember what I say to you. I am a dying man, and what would it profit me to tell you a lie? I know that this Book of Mormon was translated by the gift and power of God. My eyes saw, my ears heard, and my understanding was touched, and I know that whereof I testified is true. It was no dream, no vain imagination of the mind — it was real."

Then Elder Gates asked him about the angel under whose hands he received the priesthood, to which Oliver Crowery made this answer, "Jacob, I felt the hand of the angel on my head as plainly as I could feel yours, and could hear his voice as I now hear yours."

Then came the question: "If all that you tell me is true, why did you leave the Church?"

Oliver made only this explanation: "When I left the Church, I felt wicked, I felt like shedding blood, but I have got all over that now."

Perhaps the belief that Ishmael, the Book of Mormon traveler, was of Ephraim stems from this statement:

"The Prophet Joseph informed us that the record of Lehi, was contained on the 116 pages that were first translated and subsequently stolen, and of which an abridgement is given us in the first Book of Nephi, which is the record of Nephi individually, he himself being of the lineage of Manasseh; but that Ishmael was of the lineage of Ephraim, and that his sons married into Lehi's family, and Lehi's sons married Ishmael's daughters, thus fulfilling the words of Jacob upon Ephraim and Manasseh, in the 48th chapter of Genesis, which says: 'And let my name be named on them, and the name of my fathers Abraham and Isaac; and let them grow into a multitude in the midst of the land.' Thus these descendants of Manasseh and Ephraim grew together upon this American continent, with a sprinkling from the house of Judah, from Mulek descended, who left Jerusalem eleven years after Lehi, and founded the colony afterwards known as Zarahemla and found by Mosiah — thus making a combination, an intermixture of Ephriam and Manasseh with the remnants of Judah, and for aught we know,

the remnants of some other tribes that might have accompanied Mulek."

—*Erastus Snow*
Logan, Utah, May 6, 1882
Journal of Discourses, 23:184-185

BROTHERHOOD

At the age of ten, Wilhelmina became queen of the Netherlands, as her father, William III, died. Her first appearance as queen was made on the balcony of the Royal Palace in Amsterdam. Below her was a solid sea of faces, all cheering the new queen. Wilhelmina looked at her widowed mother, Emma, and whispered the question: "Do all these people belong to me, Mamma?"

"No, my child," came the lesson that was to last a lifetime, "it is you who belongs to all these people."

Two men, a young one and an elderly man, found themselves as fellow passengers on a ship that was returning from one of the world's outposts.

"What were you doing in a land like that?" the young man asked pleasantly.

"I was a missionary," came the reply.

"During my entire stay there," the young man said sneeringly, "during my entire stay I did not see a single missionary or a native convert."

The missionary asked the young man why he had visited that part of the world.

"Oh, I went there to hunt tigers."

"Did you find any?" the missionary asked in his very friendly way.

"I should say so— I am bringing home a dozen very fine pelts."

Then the missionary quietly answered: "At my outpost in that land that I have learned to love so well, I saw no tigers."

Both men had discovered, to their own satisfaction, just what they were looking for.

"The greatest thing," says someone, "a man can do for his Heavenly Father is to be kind to some of His other children."

I wonder why it is that we are not all kinder than we are?

How much the world needs it!
How easily it is done!
Hon instantaneously it acts!
How infallibly it is remembered!
How super-abundantly it pays itself back!

There was once a king whose great desire was to make his people happy. So he asked two of his wise men just how he could do that. He gave them two months in which to think the problem out. At the end of that time they appeared before

him. One carried a parchment on which was written two hundred rules; the other brought nothing. The king grew very tired before the one wise man had completed the reading of his two hundred rules. Then he turned to the other adviser and said, "What is your answer?"

The man replied with these two words, "Love God!"

"What?" exclaimed the king. "I asked you how I should make my people happy, and you have told me to love God."

"True," replied the wise man, "but you cannot love God without loving your people, also."

A woman went to a famous judge saying: "I hate my neighbor. What can I do to hurt her the most?"

"Do you really want to hurt her?"

"More than anything in the world."

"Start doing nice things for her, and when she has gained confidence in you — say six months from now — then it will be the right time to hurt her. Come and see me then."

Six months later the woman was back in the judge's chambers.

"You took my advice and gained the confidence of this neighbor," the judge said, "and now you're ready to do an act that will really hurt her."

"Oh, no, Judge," replied the woman. "I began doing little acts of kindness to gain her confidence. Well, I gained hers, and she received mine. But we are now the best of friends. Our mutual confidence has created love for each other."

On a very cold day, Henry Ward Beecher stopped to buy a newspaper from a ragged youngster who stood shivering on the corner.

"Poor little fellow," he said, "aren't you cold standing here?"

The newsboy looked up with a smile and said, "I was, Sir, before you spoke."

CHARACTER

Two Latter-day Saint boys were at college. They had been taught throughout life that next to life itself, we should cherish chastity.

One of these boys noticed that there was a laxity among his classmates, and after a few months at college, he partook of a different spirit from the one he had in his home, and one night, he said to his companion, who was older than he, "I am going out tonight with those fellows."

"You'd better not," said his companion.

"Oh," he said, "I do not know! Those fellows have a good time, take their wine, have their cigarets, and their cigars, they enjoy themselves;

and here we are restrained. They get their lessons; they are doing just as well in college as we are; and I am going out with them. I am not so sure that our ideals are necessary, anyhow."

The older student walked up, put his hand on his companion's shoulder, and said, "Those boys may be getting along all right in school; they may do these things to which you refer with impunity; but you can't."

"Why?"

"Because you know better. And once you break through that ideal, your character is broken."

It was the best lesson he learned in college, and I am very glad that he learned it and lived it.

—President David O. McKay

In Alaska, there is a unique obstacle to building construction called permafrost. This is permanently frozen ground, which, congealed to rocklike hardness of primeval cold, lies about four feet below the surface. When an ordinary building is erected and lived in, the building's warmth gradually thaws the permafrost and the foundations sink.

Is your character built upon rock or permafrost?

Men can guide ships, bridle horses, tame wild beasts, and navigate through the air by instru-

ments, but the tongue of man remains unconquered.

The tongue was made to speak words of hope, to sing anthems of praise, to console the broken hearted, to encourage the doubting, and to proclaim the beauties and glories of an immortal world. Its words were to distil like the dew, and to be as sweet as honey, but how it is perverted. It is sharper than a sword, stings like a viper, and wounds the hearts of men. Words of blasphemy, of distrust, of despair are uttered, when there should only be words of hope, of truth and love, falling like the raindrops on the new-mown grass.

It was the tongue of an angel that proclaimed the tidings of love and hope to the earth at the time of the Savior's birth. It was the tongue of our Lord that pronounced the world's forgiveness in his name. Utterances from neighbor's tongues are often heard in church, proclaiming the Father's love.

But there are times when the tongue should be silent. Men are to be judged by their words. When you have nothing good to say of others, hold your tongue; when your words are to be carried by feet that are swift in running to mischief, hold your tongue.

The tongue is indeed a little member, but it boasteth of great things. Let the heart be imbued with love and purity, then from its abundance of goodness the tongue will utter words of hope for the fallen, and messages of peace to those who sit in the valley of death.

❦

More than a century ago nobility of England, in their colorful finery, were on a fox hunt. They came to a closed gate, where nearby sat a ragged youngster.

"Open the gate, lad," said the leader of the hunt.

"No, this property belongs to my father, and he desires it left shut."

"Open the gate lad. Do you know who I am?"

"No, sir."

"I am the Duke of Wellington."

"The Duke of Wellington, this nation's hero, would not ask me to disobey my father."

And the riders of the hunt silently rode on.

❦

"What a beautiful quilt!" said one woman to another.

"It is, isn't it?"

"Who made it?"

"I did. And it's a special kind of quilt. This is a gossip quilt. You know how it is when you hear something about someone; it's only natural to repeat it. It's a bad habit carrying tales, and I decided to break myself of the habit. So I started this quilt and every time I heard some-

thing that I felt I shouldn't repeat, I took the time to piece a quilt block together. Instead of wasting my time, and violating a confidence, I now have this beautiful quilt."

CHRISTMAS

It is Christmas in the mansion,
Yule-log fires and silken frocks;
It is Christmas in the cottage
Mother's filling little socks.
It is Christmas on the highway,
In the thronging, busy mart;
But the dearest, truest Christmas
Is the Christmas in the heart.

—*Anon*

CHURCH

Many a man has turned his back on well-deserved and crowning success achieved in the world's centers to return "home" where his family could be reared in the influence of Latter-day Saint communities. It is unfortunate indeed, that some of those men, who sacrifice so much in order to give their children the same benefits of the community-life that they themselves partook of as children, fail to make sure that this influence will always be, by joining in the Church

activity themselves, and strengthening the Church position by their own contributions.

A member said to his stake president as they reviewed the accomplishments of the stake:

"President, it seems that you are never satisfied."

"Oh, yes, I am," came the quick reply. "I am always satisfied that you can do better."

As a guide in our work toward perfection Elder Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve has listed Ten Commandments to be used as measuring sticks for progress. They are:

1. Learn better to talk with God through prayer.
2. Make effective your right to the Savior's atonement.
3. Keep the Sabbath Day holy.
4. Obey the Word of Wisdow more perfectly.
5. Pay a full tithing.
6. Fast two meals on Fast Sundays.
7. Live the law of chastity more perfectly.
8. If unmarried, keep yourself pointed for marriage at the proper time. Don't be in a hurry.
9. If you are married, live your marriage vows more perfectly.

10. Give obedience to the counsel of those in authority, but give it intelligently.

❦

A lot of Church folk are like wheelbarrows, not good unless pushed.

Some are like canoes — they need to be paddled.

Some are like kites —if you don't keep a string on them, they'll fly away.

And many are like the North Star — there when you need them, dependable, ever loyal, in short, a never-failing guide.

❦

"Certainly, I've tried to make religion a part of my life," said the businessman, "in fact I've tried it for a short time many times, and it just doesn't work."

"No, of course it doesn't work for you," came the disquieting answer, "the way you do it is like trying to light your house with photo flash bulbs."

❦

Last Sunday I voted to close the church—not intentionally, nor maliciously — but carlessly, thoughtlessly, lazily, indifferently, I voted. I voted to close its doors that its witness and its testimony might be stopped.

I voted to close the open Bible — the Bible that had been given us by years of struggle and

by the blood of martyrs who died that we might have it to read. I voted to stop preaching the glorious truths of the gospel. I voted that the children of the Sunday School no longer be taught the stories of the Bible and no longer lift their voices in singing.

I voted for the voice of the choir and the congregation to be stilled, and that they no longer sing in united praise. I voted for every missionary of the Church to be called home, every local worker to stop preaching, every hospital, every school, to close. I voted every missionary project be abandoned, every influence for good, for right and truth in our community to be curtailed and finally stopped.

I voted for the darkness of superstition, the degrading influence of sin, the blight of ignorance, and the curse of selfish greed once again to settle their damning load on the shoulders of an already overburdened world.

I voted for all this. For you see, I could have gone and I should have gone, but I didn't. I stayed away from church last Sunday.

❦

Many years ago, while the reality of air transportation was but a dream in the hearts of a few, a number of scholars and unbelievers approached a churchman and asked: "Do you think it's possible to get to heaven without belonging to a church?"

"Oh, I think it's probably possible. Now, I'd like for you to ask me another question if you will. I'd like you to ask me if it's possible to get to England without going by ship."

They said, "All right. We'll ask the question. We'd like to know the answer."

Then the churchman said, "Yes, it's possible. You may swim, if you have the strength and can tie some food on your shoulders and if a shark doesn't get you and you don't freeze to death. Eventually you'll reach England. But I doubt, if you'll reach there ahead of the people who went by ship, and I doubt if you'll be any better off having missed the fellowship and good times that they had on the way over."

DEATH

Victor Hugo's great soul found utterance in his later years from these thoughts, which will find an echo in many hearts:

"I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new roots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

"You say the world is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to

fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. Breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple."

EXAMPLE

At the Sunday School general conference in October, 1952, President David O. McKay recalled an incident at Weber Academy in Ogden when he was a young man, but not a member of the Academy's baseball team.

"You've won our baseball game fairly," said the losing team from Wyoming, "come across the street to the saloon and we'll treat."

Weber's captain said, "No, thank you," and started to pick up his team's equipment.

The visiting captain said, "Aw, come on. You can take some lemonade."

"No thank you. I'd rather not."

And other members of the Weber team also hesitated, so only a few yielded and participated in the treat.

But no one on the teams had seen a small girl, elbowing her way through the crowd until she had been close enough to hear the Weber captain say, "No, thank you," twice. And they had not seen her run home, saying to her mother:

"I knew he wouldn't! I knew he wouldn't do it!"

"Wouldn't do what?" her mother asked.

"I knew my Sunday School teacher wouldn't go to a saloon and drink whiskey."

And President McKay stood at the Tabernacle pulpit that quiet Sabbath evening in 1952 and said: "I leave it to you to decide what effect that example would have had on that little girl's soul if her Sunday School teacher had entered the saloon. . . . I leave it to you to contemplate what confidence and love she had as she sat in her Sunday School class the following Sunday to listen to him develop the truths of the gospel."

❦

One of the masterpieces of folklore that is the heritage of all children is the fairy tale "Sleeping Beauty." You know it well. How several fairies promise the infant princess the much desired gifts of life. But one slighted and disgruntled fairy comes to the party promising

that the princess will become pricked by the spindle of a spinning wheel and die. Despite the fact that another fairy bestows her wish — that the princess shall not die in her sixteenth year, but sleep for a full hundred years to be awakened by the kiss from Prince Charming, her father, the king, understandably banishes all the spinning wheels in the kingdom to protect his daughter. Still, that king did what many of us do. He protected his priceless possession in all of his kingdom except one place. The king had forgotten to check the places that were closest to him. On her sixteenth birthday, the beautiful princess fell victim to the double enchantment — a death-like sleep that was to last one hundred years. She had discovered the only spinning wheel in her father's kingdom — forgotten in a tower room of the palace! The New Testament expressed it another way: "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" (Matt. 7:3.)

❦

Once the mayor of Salt Lake City was in the East attending a mayor's convention. During the business session in a hotel, he glanced out into the hotel's banquet room and saw champaign glasses being set on the banquet table where he knew he would be in the next half-hour.

His first reaction, as he contemplated his actions was: "Nobody knows you." But he

caught himself, countering with: "But you know yourself. You know that you're a leader of youth — a Sunday School teacher — and you can never be at peace with yourself . . ."

The first order of business at the banquet table was the drinking of a toast. All glasses were raised high, except one, which remained on the table.

The man seated next to the mayor said without hesitation: "You're the mayor of Salt Lake City."

"I am, Sir, but you leave me at a disadvantage."

"For some time I've been interested in the Word of Wisdom of the Mormon Church. I had heard that the mayor of Salt Lake City was a member of the Church. I knew that if he were a good member that his champagne glass would remain untouched. I came here desiring to meet you, Mr. Mayor, and discuss the Word of Wisdom with you."

Several years ago in an area where the Church is not particularly strong in numbers, the M Men and Gleaners desired to hold their Gold and Green Ball at the finest hotel in the area. And so the M Men president joined the Gleaner president in calling on the manager of the hotel to see if such facilities were available.

"That's absolutely impossible," the manager said. "As you surely know, this community derives some of its economic life by the fortunate climatic condition in which the area finds itself. This fine hotel was built to cater to such people who would come here to enjoy our mild climate. We have, at this hotel, a waiting list for reservations, often for a year in advance. Consequently we feel that, once our guests are here, they are entitled to the full facilities that we have, and therefore we cannot close our ballroom for a night for a private party."

Instead of politely excusing themselves with thanks, the M Man and Gleaner spoke up with: "Let us take a moment to tell you just what a Gold and Green Ball is . . ."

The manager listened, and finally said, "Yes, I'll rent you our ballroom for your Ball, for a rental of two hundred fifty dollars."

And so the afternoon of the Gold and Green ball, as the hotel manager spoke to his guests, he said: "We've rented the ballroom tonight to a group of young Mormons. They're going to crown a queen, and . . . well, I think you'll enjoy it all. Why don't you go up stairs tonight where you can look down and see everything that happens in that ballroom?"

The M Men and Gleaners had the time of their lives at their Gold and Green Ball. Some of them later said that they had the feeling that they

were being watched, and one or two said that they were sure that they had seen shadows disappearing around the big pillars in the ballroom.

The following morning the M Men and Gleaner presidents were at the manager's office to pay their two hundred fifty dollar fee.

"I rented you that ballroom because," the manager said, "as you described your Gold and Green Ball, I didn't believe you could hold such an affair without liquor or tobacco. I even invited our guests to enjoy the fun. You kept your word. The hotel's guests have been by my door this morning to discuss what a fine party was held here last night. I'm going to break my word. I promised you our facilities for two hundred fifty dollars. You may have the hotel's facilities last night with our compliments. Furthermore, I'm going to recommend to the hotel's directors that they furnish you our ballroom for your Gold and Green Ball annually."

A man had an argument with his wife on a cold winter night, and decided to go to a nearby tavern for the rest of the evening. But, looking back over his shoulder, he saw his small son, who had followed him from the house without pausing to put on a coat.

"See, Daddy," the youngster's face beamed, "I'm following in your footsteps in all this snow."

"And," reflected the father, "as long as you're stepping in my footprints, I must walk in the way that I'd like you to go."

Once while I was visiting one of our outlying stakes the persident of the stake was called from the dinner table to the telephone, and this conversation followed, one part of which was reported to me later and the other I heard.

"Do you know," said the stranger, a nonmember of the Church, to the president of the stake, "do you know Mr. .....?"

"Yes."

"Is he a member of your church?"

"He is."

"Well, is he in good standing in your church?"

"Yes."

"All right; thank you. He is here in our office desiring to borrow some money to make an investment. He referred us to you and said he was a member of your church. If he is in good standing, we will lend him the money."

My heart rejoiced, as it rejoices today that in honesty and integrity the Church of Jesus Christ is as a "light set upon a hill." We grieve most deeply when we hear of a member who forgets himself and destroys, by his dishonesty, that confidence.

—President David O. McKay

It was a tradition in the community to walk past the window of the local jewelry store every day to check watches with the time of day indicated on the grand old timepiece that was the pride of the jeweler.

One afternoon a soldier in uniform stopped to check his watch and to pass the time of day.

"Just how do you know that this is accurate time?" the soldier asked in a friendly way.

"Oh, I watch it every day and reset this timepiece when necessary. The army post where you are stationed fires a cannon each day at noon," the jeweler volunteered.

"The post does that. In fact I fire that cannon," the soldier smiled, "and I use my own watch, which I have just set here, to indicate high noon by firing the cannon."

If you had seen George Washington's copy book, you would have seen some things that helped him as a boy and throughout his life. Here are some of the rules taken from his copy book:

"Wear not your clothes soiled, torn, or dusty.

"Speak not when others speak; sit not when others stand; speak not when you should be quiet; walk not when others stop.

"Do not tell a person nice things about himself, unless you really think highly of him; then do not neglect to praise him.

"Read no letters, books or papers in company, unless there is a necessity for doing it, and then you must ask your company if you may. Come not near the books or writing of another so as to read them, unless you are asked to do so. Look not at what another is writing in a letter.

"Speak not sad or ugly things at a joyous time."

Washington asked his Heavenly Father to help him obey these and many other rules. He believed in the verse: "Jehovah is near unto all who trust Him."

FAITH

A learned man, student of Church history and of the scriptures, was asked if he would come and speak at a sacrament meeting.

In accepting, he inquired whether they had any particular subject that they'd like him to discuss.

"We'd like to hear something of the mysteries of the Gospel," was the reply.

And on the appointed Sabbath evening, this learned man stood at the pulpit and said:

"I've been asked to say something about the mysteries. The first mystery is Faith. We know

not why the Lord commanded us to have faith . . . The next is Repentance. We know not why the Lord commanded us to have repentance, or just how the process of repentance works. . . . The third is Baptism: why we must humble ourselves in water has never really been explained to us. . . . And the fourth is the Laying On of Hands. The Lord has never told us why."

❦

My faith in the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ, as restored by the Prophet Joseph Smith, places me in possession of an all-comprehensive philosophy according to which I can order all the affairs of my life, whether of a temporal or a spiritual nature.

By this faith I draw wisdom from the past, obtain visions of the future, and walk fearlessly in the present, with a full assurance that God's goodness will guide me.

By this faith I am able to interpret whatever I learn of this or of any other time, and find its place in the eternal scheme of things.

By this faith, which teaches me that I am eternal, with an existence before this life, and an ever active life hereafter, I am given full courage to battle against evil, whether in me or in others.

By this faith, which promises the endless triumph of the progressing spirit of man over the things of the universe, I attack the duties of my daily life with the clear confidence that if I but

do my duty well, I shall find the way to the mastery of the earth and all earthly tasks.

By this faith my joy in life is abundant, my sorrows are tempered, my trust in the ultimate triumph of good over evil is unshakable.

By this faith I learn more and more to hate sin and to reach out a helping hand to the sinner.

By this faith which embraces a complete plan of man's endless journey from a dim past into an eternal future, I learn that I need God's help in all that I do, but also, as a glorious comfort, that God, to a small degree, infinitely small perhaps, needs me and all His children to work out His mighty purposes. It is good to know oneself in partnership with God.

By this faith, amidst the wearisome toil and the strife of the heat of the day, I am at rest and at peace, for I know my history and my destiny and the eternal meaning of the day's work.

By this faith I know that however lowly my task in life may be, before the judgment seat of God, if my work has been well done, it shall be transmitted into spiritual values, and my soul shall know that I have been doing necessary work for the fulfilment of the Master's plan.

By this faith I am unafraid, for I know that God's power is everywhere and that I never walk alone, but that in joy or sorrow, at home or abroad, God's will guides me.

By this faith it is easy to lay aside the material for the spiritual things of life; to exchange the honor of men for the service of God.

By this faith my life is one of gratitude for favors received, and of trust that whatever is for my good will be given me if I strive for it honestly.

By this faith I know the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God; the joy and necessity of serving and helping my fellow man, and the satisfying fellowship of my brethren and sisters.

By this faith I know that whatever of experience I have gained in this life will be mine forever, and that my family and children are mine to the end of an endless day, in which I shall grow to the fuller stature of a God-like man.

All these and a thousand other things that would fill many volumes does my faith mean to me.

—John A. Widtsoe

A small boy reluctantly accompanied his father down a winding path in the dark of night. His father carried a small flashlight to light the way.

"Are you sure," the boy questioned, "that we will see clear to the end?"

"David," the answer came, "as long as we keep walking, this light will take us through clear to the end."

Faith, like the beam of that flashlight, when it is joined with works, will carry us to the end of life's journey.

With almost the feeling of worship, a grateful father and mother approached a doctor who had restored their child to health.

Hastily, but humbly, the doctor replied, "We are members of the same Church. . . ."

"But this knowledge you have, only you could have saved our child."

"Just suppose," said the doctor, "that I wished to bestow a valuable gift upon you, and sent it by the hand of one of my servants, whom would you thank, the servant or myself?"

"We should thank you," they answered, "for the gift. The servant is only a messenger entrusted with the task of delivering your gift."

"And so I am God's servant," the doctor told them. "It is God who has been pleased to send this gift of healing through me. You must offer your thanks to Him."

There is a familiar story about a woman who wanted to move a mountain. The mountain rose majestically across the road from her home, but her complaint was that it obstructed the view from her window. She had read the New Testament formula for the removal of such obstacles

and that night she prayed that the mountain would be moved. In the morning the mountain was still there, obstructing her view. She said, "I just knew it would still be there." Her faith did not justify the removal of the mountain.

These lines are from Abraham Lincoln:

Faith in god is indispensable to successful statesmanship.

Be sure to put your feet in the right place, then stand firm.

Let none falter who thinks he is right.

Let us have faith that right makes might.

I am nothing, but the truth is everything.

Astronomy has mapped the heavens and attempted to number the stars, but on its sky chart we find no star of Bethlehem, and in its sky no Sun of righteousness.

Geology has combed the stratified layers of earth's foundations, but it has found no Rock of Ages.

Physics, with its electric light, has illuminated cities until the night is banished, but it knows not the Light of the world.

Mineralogy has sifted the stones of the earth, and sounded the depths of the seas, but it has found no pearls of great price.

Oh, the unwisdom of this age of the wise! Men, now as never before, by wisdom know not God.

FAST OFFERINGS

How conscientious are you as a Latter-day Saint in the keeping of the fast and in the payment of your fast offerings? How do you determine the real cash value of the two meals each month which you do not consume? Would you be willing and satisfied to subsist on meals of the cash value determined by the fast offerings you pay?

The person who pays only one dollar fast offerings per year makes an involuntary statement to the Lord that the cost of his meals during the year averages approximately four cents each. On that basis, such a person, allegedly lives on three meals per day with a cash value slightly over twelve cents, or a total food cost of $3.75 per month. Undoubtedly, the pangs of hunger would be very real to many of us if our Heavenly Father were to limit our "daily bread" to the standard of value we voluntarily set thereon in the payment of our fast offerings.

Latter-day Saints, live the law of the fast and be blessed physically and spiritually. Enjoy the satisfaction that your obedience blesses the poor and the less fortunate. Experience the joy

of being of some real tangible value to someone else. Give of yourselves and your substance, and God will give of his bounties to you.

(*Excerpts from Ward Teachers' Message, September,* 1944.)

GENEALOGY

A few years ago a young Chinese student who had studied in one of the leading universities of the United States was returning to his native land.

On the boat sailing across the Pacific as a passenger also was a Protestant minister. The two entered into conversation. The minister preached to the student "Christ and Him crucified." And among other things, he said, truly that only those who believe in Christ shall be saved. The young Chinese student answered with all the love of his ancestors in his heart, "Then what about my ancestors who died without ever having had opportunity to hear the name of Christ?"

The Protestant minister answered, "They are all lost."

With all the indignation of his Chinese heart, the student answered: "I will have nothing to do with a religion so unjust as to condemn my ancestors to eternal punishment who never had an opportunity to hear the name of your savior."

If one of your elders, indeed if any one of you members of the Church had been asked that question by the Chinese student, how would you have answered it? You would have said, "Your ancestors will have opportunity to hear the gospel and none of them will be judged unrighteously. Only the 'sons of perdition' shall be condemned to eternal punishment. You would add also that "Those who die without law will be judged without law" — another eternal principle.

—*President David O. McKay*

HAPPINESS

During the years that President George Albert Smith was President of the Church, Ensign Peak in the northern part of Salt Lake City, remained much as it was in pioneer days.

Visitors to the President's office would often say, "What a delightful place you have to live in."

The President in acknowledging that statement, would take them to his office window, saying: "Can you see that little round knoll out there on the horizon?"

"Yes."

Then President Smith would say: "That is Ensign Peak. Do you see the trees and the flowers and all the beauty on the top of that peak?"

And his guest turned questioningly to say: "We can't see any trees or flowers."

Then President Smith would say: "A little over a hundred years ago when the Latter-day Saints came into this valley, the whole valley looked as barren as Ensign Peak with the exception of a few trees and willows along the streams that came down from the mountains."

"But," his visitors would say, "see what the valley is like now."

A number of world travelers said to President Smith as they talked in his office: "We have never seen such a beautiful place to live in. And you people seem so happy. We do not find complaining as we move around among you. The people here are happy and smiling."

Then President George Albert Smith — prophet that he was — would say: "All happiness that is worthy of the name is the result of keeping the commandments of our Heavenly Father— all happiness."

HONESTY

A baker decided to buy his butter from a certain farmer, and the farmer returned the favor by buying his bread from the baker.

But soon the baker grew suspicious and had the farmer taken into court of law charged with selling short-weight butter.

After hearing the evidence, the judge called the farmer before him.

"Is this your butter?"

"It is, your honor."

"It does not weigh what it should."

"No, your honor."

"Have you a scales on your farm?"

"Yes, I have."

"Well, have you the proper weights for those scales?"

"No, I haven't . . . But I've been balancing a pound of butter with a sixteen ounce loaf of bread that I have purchased from my friend, the baker."

A youth who applied for a job as clerk in a country store was told that, among other things expected of him, he was not to be too conscientious about pointing out defects in goods or too particular in giving full weights and measures. In explaining this, the manager said that there were some things the purchasers must discover for themselves, and that it wouldn't do to tell too much. Then he asked the boy what salary he would expect.

"Ten thousand dollars a year!" came the straightforward reply.

"What do you mean?" asked the storekeeper.

"I mean you couldn't pay me to become a cheat for you. I would not do that for any amount of salary."

If all men had the sturdy, uncomprising honesty of that young man, what an ideal place the world would be.

Let us so live that it may sincerely be said of us: "He is so honest that when he opens his mouth to speak you can look down into his heart."

LEADERSHIP

Two missionaries borrowed a small car and went on a trip from London to Liverpool. A fog came up that was just as thick as a fog can be in England. The only way they could make progress was to wait until a car came along that had a fairly good tail-light and then follow that red light accordingly. But they did not make much progress. They stopped and listened and did the best they could. Finally a big truck came along, with a great big tail-light, and it made those young missionaries happy. It stopped and went on, stopped and went on, but of course they thought the man was getting his bearings, and they knew that as long as they followed that tail-light they would make fine progress. They followed that tail-light for about two hours, rejoicing that they would soon be in Liverpool.

Finally the fellow who drove the truck stopped, came back to the boys, and said, "Boys, I am awfully sorry, but this is as far as I go. I have been all through the village and I have delivered all the milk."

So, it is very important to find out which way your leader is going before you follow him.

—*Marvin O. Ashton*

A boy accompanied his father into the canyon for the first time. They had left their ranch early one morning, taking their wagon into the tall quaking aspens.

Along in the afternoon they started back to the ranch. The boy was in high glee. He sat behind his father on the wagon, holding on to the binder lever. As they rode down the canyon, horses on the trot, they made a sudden turn in the shape of a horseshoe. Then the road gradually turned until they were on the opposite side of the canyon, going in the direction of their home.

But as they were on the horseshoe curve the boy called: "We are going wrong."

"Are we?" the father questioned.

"Yes, don't you see it?"

The father said nothing, and the boy continued a moment later.

"Pap, you are turned around."

"Well, do you want to get off?" his father replied, kindly.

"No, Pap, I'll stay with you."

On they went and the boy said, "Pap, the canyon is turned around."

Still on they traveled, and finally they came around a little bend to an opening to where the ranch and home was in plain sight. The boy had been here before — many times.

"We are straight again," he called. "Pap, I'm glad I stayed with you."

—*George H. Brimhall*

In earth-life the Lord has taken his prophets from among all classes — Elijah from the desert; Elisha from the plow; Amos from following his sheep; Hosea from the tragedy of his broken home; Isaiah from the nobility of Jerusalem; Micah from his farm; Zephaniah from the royal house of Judea; Jeremiah from the squalid village of Anathoth; the Brother of Jared from the neighborhood of the Great Tower; Lehi from the land of Jerusalem; and Joseph Smith from the hills of Vermont and upstate New York. Age, education, social standing, occupation, wealth, and outward appearance count for nothing in this life when God goes forth to choose his messengers. But, we as a people believe that these prophets, and those yet unborn, were chosen, not predestined, but fore-ordained to come at their

time and to their people. There is this statement in Jeremiah:

"Then the word of the Lord came unto me, saying:

"Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations."

(*Jeremiah* 1:4-5.)

And the testimony of Abraham:

"Now the Lord had shown unto me, Abraham, the intelligences that were organized before the world was; and among all these there were many of the noble and great ones;

"And God saw these souls that they were good, and he stood in the midst of them, and he said: These I will make my rulers; for he stood among those that were spirits, and he saw that they were good; and he said unto me: Abraham, thou art one of them; thou wast chosen before thou wast born."

(*Abraham* 3:22-23.)

One of the first "casualties" of modern warfare is the lighthouses and radio programs. Enemies have learned to use such "beams" to locate military targets and destroy them. Therefore one of the first "lines of defense" is for a people to make their own lighthouses and radio signals inoperative.

Of course it is a hazard to navigation to have to operate without the aid of such aids as lighthouses and radio beams. Many an inexperienced man has brought destruction upon his ship by crashing against some obstacle that in normal times, would have been amply marked.

The same thing happens when a church is left without leadership. There, the destruction is all the more real, because the church deals with eternal values — the souls of men.

As the Old Testament writer of the Proverbs wrote several thousand years ago: "Where there is no vision, the people perish. . . ."

(*Proverbs* 29:18.)

LIFE

I weave upon my tapestry,
With colors dark and fair;
Some represent a lovely dream,
Some colors are a prayer!
Some colors stand for lonely days,
Some stand for happiness,
Some are as somber as a storm,
Some soft as a caress!

I weave upon my tapestry,
I make a brave design —
And what I like about it, best,
Is that it's wholly mine!

And yet it is not mine alone!
Ah, that I understand!
For as I weave my tapestry,
God's fingers guide my hand.

—*Anon.*

Every singer who has sung a pure, joyous song has given something to earth to make it better. Every artist who has painted a worthy and noble picture, or made the smallest thing of beauty, has added something to the enriching of our human life. Every human being who has let fall into the stream of life wholesome words, good deeds or divine lessons, has put into the current of humanity spices to sweeten a little the bitter waters.

It is always worth while to live nobly and victoriously, struggling to do right, showing the world even the smallest fragments of divine beauty. Few are called to do great acts in life, but "he who does the best his circumstances allows, does well — angels could do no more."

You are the handicap you must face,
You are the one who must choose your place
You must say where you want to go
How much you will study the truth to know.
God has equipped you for life, but he
Lets you decide what you want to be.

—*Anon.*

A group of young men were working on a boring job of assembly packing.

One young man noticing it was only ten o'clock in the morning said: "Oh, I wish it were twelve o'clock."

"Twelve o'clock, nothing," said the youth beside him, "I wish it were five o'clock."

Some one remarked: "I wish it were five o'clock on Friday."

An older man was heard to say: "Just listen to them wishing their lives away. As for me, I try to enjoy every minute as it passes."

An ideal life is one that makes you glad of life because it gives you a chance to live and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions and not content yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world but sin, and to fear nothing but God; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts, to covet nothing of your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manner; to think seldom of your enemies, except in prayers, often of your friends, and every day of Christ.

—Henry Van Dyke

In one of the legendary kingdoms where fables have a way of beginning, the king called

his wise men together and said: "Make me a man!"

They all accepted the challenge. Some made a man of sawdust, others made a man of clay and glass, still others made their efforts out of fine and precious metals. But one, a little wiser than the rest, picked up a beggar from the thoroughfare, and invited him into his home. There by kindness and patience he taught him to live a better, happier life.

At last the day came when the king reviewed the works of his wise men. He had praise for each of his counselors, as he walked among them. Suddenly the king stopped before the wise man who had brought with him the reformed man. The king barely recognized the man who was once the beggar on the thoroughfare. Then speaking, the great king said: "Surely, there is no doubt in any of our minds which of our wise men followed my instructions best. Behold, the man who saves is next to the God who creates."

MEN

The great need of the present day and age is men; men who are not for sale; men who are honest, sound from center to circumference, true to the heart's core; men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, and in themselves as well as others; men whose consciences are as true and

steady as the needle to the pole, who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels; men who can tell the truth, and look the world and the devil right in the eye; men who neither brag nor run; men who neither flag nor flinch; men who have courage without shouting to keep it up; men in whom the current of everlasting life runs still, deep, and strong; men who will not fail nor be discouraged till judgment be set in the earth; men who know their message and tell it; men who know their places and fill them; men who know their own business and mind it; men who will not lie; men who are not too lazy to work, nor too proud to be poor in order to be honest; men who are willing to earn what they eat, and wear what they have paid for; and last, but not least — men who are willing "to do what they would that others should do unto them."

—*Millennial Star in* 1881

A man who was newly-rich visited the studios of a famous artist to make arrangements to have his portrait done in oils.

"I'm sorry," the artist said at last, "but you wouldn't like the kind of portrait I'd paint of you."

"Why?" the visitor asked in startled surprise.

"Because I paint the contents of the heart first, and use that as my foundation."

MISSIONARIES

The story is told about an Englishman who bought a farm in Utah's Davis County. He was not a member of the Church, but all his neighbors were, and when they met this English neighbor they did not want to impose their religion on him and so they passed the time of day and talked about current events.

Finally one of these neighbors was called on a mission to Great Britain, and while he was over there, his English friend decided to go back and visit his relatives in England. While there he picked up a newspaper one evening, and there he read an announcement about a Mormon Conference to be held. "Everyone invited — no collection," read the advertisement.

"Well," the visiting Englishman told his relatives. "After living among them for all these years, I do not know a thing about what they believe. I think I'll go and listen to them."

So he went, and to his surprise, the principal speaker that evening was his next-door neighbor in Davis County. He had to go all the way back to Great Britain to get that neighbor to tell him about the marvelous work and a wonder that the Lord had set his hand to do in our day.

—LeGrand Richards

During the first decade of the twentieth century, President Heber J. Grant, then a member of the Council of the Twelve, and president of the European Mission, is reported to have advised his missionaries as they concluded their inspiring missionary meetings:

"Now, brethren, today we have feasted on the fat things of the Spirit of the Lord. Now go out, and give it away; give it to the people. The more you give away, the more you will have left."

MOTHER

In a far country, long ago, a very distinguished, though vain lady upon whom wealth had been lavished in the form of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls, exhibited her jewels before the thousands of persons who came to see these brilliant necklaces, bracelets, and other adornments.

But in the crowd one woman was overheard to say, "Her jewels cannot compare with mine."

And the vain woman thinking that she herself had the most precious jewels in all the land said to a servant, "Follow that woman, I must see her jewels."

The next morning the lady of wealth called upon the woman who had stood in the crowd. "Show me your jewels," she challenged.

Humbly the mother called to her side two little boys, and placing an arm around each of her sons, she faced the lady of wealth and influence and said, "These are my jewels."

No diamonds, rubies, pearls, or emeralds can compare with, as eternal jewels, our children.

—President David O. McKay

"It is, they tell me, the only sentiment of which no one is ashamed," said Miss Anna Jarvis, founder of Mother's Day, on one occasion, when accounting for the phenomenal spread of the observance of Mother's Day. "Boys and men, and even some women," she further said, "will often not acknowledge the best that is in them, but no one will deny his affection for his mother. It is upon this feeling that the success of the day depends."

Not long ago, from a cabin home, a humble home, a telegraph was sent to a son in a distant city, "Come home, Charles. I am not well." Signed, "Mother."

When the son arrived by plane, his mother said, "There are two gifts I want to give you, Charles. I have been thinking about them all day. Each day, on your knees and alone, say a prayer. And the second gift I would love to give you, is each day walk with good men. These are my

gifts, Charles. Each day, pray alone on bended knee, and each day walk with good men."

Today, still heeding his mother's advice, this man is one of America's Christian business leaders.

—*Oscar A. Kirkham*

God sent the birds and sunshine
To gladden all the world,
He sent the foliage and the flowers
In radiance unfurled.
He sent the June, the stars, the moon,
The pearls and dewdrops sweet;
And then sent to us, mother dear,
To make it all complete.

—*Anon.*

A boy who afterward became governor of the state of Massachusetts was once very near to being drowned. The boat in which he was sailing capsized, and he had to swim more than a mile to shore. However, he reached the shore in safety. When finally he reached home and told his mother what a long distance he had had to swim, she asked him how he had managed to hold out so long. "I thought of you, Mother," the boy replied, "and kept on swimming."

The thought of his mother helped him in the moment of his greatest need, and thus saved his

life, not only to himself and to his mother, but also to the state and the nation.

Some precious words are born of earth,
Some others by the angels given;
But sweetest of celestial birth,
Are these: "My Mother," "Home," and
"Heaven."

—*Anon.*

In Scotland a peasant woman had a child a few weeks old which was seized by one of the golden eagles, the largest in the country, and carried away in its talons to its lofty eyrie on one of the most inaccessible cliffs. The mother, when she saw what had happened, hurried in alarm to rescue the baby, and the neighbors, among whom the news spread, rushed to her aid. All gathered at the foot of the tremendous precipice. The neighbors were anxious to risk their lives in order to recover the baby, but there seemed absolutely no way in which to reach the high crag. One neighbor tried to climb, but he could not make it. Another made an effort and failed. At last there was a universal feeling of despair and deep sorrow fell upon the crowd.

But then a woman was seen, climbing first one part of the cliff and then another. While every heart trembled with alarm, to the amaze-

ment of all they saw her reach the loftiest crag and clasp the baby to her heart. The heroic woman began to descend the perilous steep with the child, and while everyone thought her next step would send her plunging to her death, they saw her at last reach the ground with the child safe in her arms. Who was that fearless woman? Why did she succeed when others failed? She was the mother of the baby!

❦

A little girl skipped into the lobby of a bank during the busy rush hours and, for a moment, looked bewildered.

An officer of the bank saw her and gently asked what she wanted.

"Please, Sir, I'd like a checkbook."

"Would you like to come into my office so we can talk about it?" the banker asked.

Then, seated in the quiet of the private office, the little girl continued: "Next Saturday is Mommy's birthday — and I haven't enough money in my piggy bank to buy her a nice present. This morning I talked to Kathy — she's my friend — we're in the first grade together. Kathy said last week was her mother's birthday — and her dad gave her a check — and Kathy saw her mother throw her arms around him in a great big hug and say, 'This is just what I wanted.'"

"Well, young lady," the banker's eyes twinkled, "I think something can be arranged. But, first I'll tell you what a checkbook really is . . ."

Saturday Peggy Lou ran to her mother. "Happy birthday, Mommie. And here's your present. A regular checkbook. And the man at the bank said they were per-per-fect-ly ne-nego--nego-ti-able. . . ."

Peggy Lou's mother opened the checkbook and read quietly as she turned the checks: "'Pay to the order of Mommy. One errand to the store. Signed Peggy Lou.' 'Pay to the order of Mommy. One dusting of front room. Signed Peggy Lou.' . . . 'Pay to the order of Mommy. One time at washing dishes. . . .'"

Then, looking up, her mother said: "Why, Peggy Lou, this is the best birthday present I ever had . . ."

❦

OPPORTUNITY

In one of the assembly rooms of one of the world famous naval academies is the motto "Did You Bring Your Ship In?" It does not ask how rough was the gale, how fierce the elements, or how unco-operative the crew was. The most important thing is, Did you bring your ship into safe harbor. And so it is with life . . . no matter

what the setbacks, will you successfully complete your tasks?

The Wright brothers saw more than sea gulls at Kitty Hawk — they saw airplanes. They were not content with dozing on the beach. Isaac Newton sat under an apple tree but was concerned with more than the shade — he reacted to the falling apple. He saw it; he perceived it. What did it mean? He was alert and responsive. He saw in it an expression of the law of gravity. The boy Joseph Smith upon reading James' admonition concerning those who lacked wisdom, wholeheartedly took that advice. What are you doing about your opportunities?

"How much am I bid for this shiny new dollar?" shouted the old-time medicine man as he attempted to draw a crowd about him.

Slowly the spectators, one by one, filtered over to his stand.

"Come! Come! How much am I bid? A nickel? A dime? How much?"

The audience, silent and suspicious, stood by. But there came no reply. Then a youthful voice piped, "Five cents."

"All right, my boy, the dollar is yours. Just hand up the five pennies."

"Oh," returned the lad, "take the nickel out of the dollar and give me ninety-five cents change."

Most people are in search of such bargains. But the greatest things of life are not to be purchased for a small sum. . . .

PRAYER

The manager of a great business firm knew prayer was an important factor in his success.

One morning one of his superintendents came rushing into his office and told the secretary he wanted to see the manager.

She said promptly, "He is in conference."

"He cannot be in conference at this early hour," said the superintendent, and rushed by her, opened the door, and then quietly retreated, closed the door, and said to the secretary, "I did not think he was that kind of man."

"Yes," said the secretary, "I told you he was in conference."

"Yes," replied the superintendent, "in conference with One more important than I."

The week after the battle of Gettysburg, General Daniel E. Sickles, who had been in the battle, asked President Lincoln if he had not been anxious during the Gettsyburg campaign.

President Lincoln replied, "I had no fear."

"How could that be?" asked the general.

"In the pinch of your campaign up there," replied President Lincoln, "when everybody seemed panic stricken and nobody could tell what was going to happen, I went into my room one day and locked the door, and got down on my knees before Almighty God, and prayed to him mightily for a victory at Gettysburg. I told God that if we were to win the battle, He must do it, for I had done all I could. I told him that this was his war, and that our cause was his cause, but that we could not stand another Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville. And then and there I made a solemn vow to Almighty God that if he would stand by our boys at Gettysburg, I would stand by him. And he did; and I will.

"After that — I don't know how it was; I just can't explain it — a sweet comfort crept into my soul that things would go all right at Gettysburg, and that is why I had no fears about you."

❦

There is a story of an old Scotchman who prayed:

"Lord, keep me alive as long as I live . . ."

Perhaps if more of us adopted this philosophy, time wouldn't weigh so heavy on our hands in our moments of relaxation. For a person with this philosophy of life has less danger of being caught in the wilderness of his own terror.

❦

It was a mild day near the ceiling of the world —only sixteen degrees below zero. Colonel John Hunt's mountain expedition had been struggling to conquer Mount Everest since March. Now it was May 29, 1953, only four days before the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II — and what a coronation gift that would make — the conquering of the world's highest peak for the very first time.

Roped together, two mountaineers, a little, brown-skinned Sherpa tribesman named Tenzing Norkey, and a New Zealand beekeeper, Edmund Percival Hillary, were drawing heavily from their precious oxygen supply as they struggled upward. At last they had reached the top of Everest — an altitude of 29,002 feet.

Interviewed as they reached the lower slopes of the mountain, Hillary and Tenzing were asked the first thing they did after reaching the top. Tenzing, a devout Buddhist, nearing forty, and completing his eleventh expedition upon the Everest snows, said that he prayed. Hillary replied that the first thing he did was to check to see if he had enough oxygen to get back down.

It took teamwork to climb to the top of that mountain — and their answer represented a powerful team — prayer and work — in conquer-

ing problems that arise every day — because indeed every man has his Everests to conquer!

Many of George Washington's biographers stress the point that, when beset by trials and difficulties over which he had not control, he often had recourse to prayer. Particularly was this true at Valley Forge where during the long, hard winter of 1777, with his small army of ill-clothed, half-starved, freezing men, his cannon immovable, himself beset and hindered by the difficulties he suffered because of Congress, he carried the cause of the new and desperate nation to God.

One writer gives us the following familiar account in confirmation of this:

"One afternoon as Isaac Potts, a miller at whose home General Washington made his headquarters, was strolling along a creek, he heard a voice which seemed to come from within the woods. He walked quietly in that direction and found the General's horse tied to a tree. Looking cautiously into a neighboring grove, he saw in the dim twilight, the commander-in-chief upon his knees with his face uplifted and his cheeks suffused with tears.

"The man who had been discovered in that solemn moment never knew that the incident would find its way into our country's history, for

he did not dream that he had been seen. But the country of which he is the father knows that his prayer was answered."

A farmer whose barns were full of wheat was accustomed to pray for the needy to be supplied; but when anyone in need asked for a little of his grain, he said he had none to spare. One day after hearing his father pray for the poor and needy, his little son said to him, "Father, I wish I had your wheat."

"What would you do with it?" asked the father.

The child replied, "I would answer your prayer."

Many of us lose confidence in prayer because we don't recognize the answer—

We ask for strength and God gives us difficulties which make us strong.

We pray for wisdom and God sends us problems, the solution of which develops wisdom.

We plead for prosperity, and God gives us brain and brawn to work.

We plead for courage and God gives us dangers to overcome.

PREPARATION

At certain seasons of the year parts of the English seacoast have vicious storms. Over the years in this area volunteer rescue crews have been organized to go to the rescue of the men whose small fishing boats have been dashed upon the rocks during the gales.

One day the captain of one of these volunteer crews was walking past the local churchyard when he saw the weathervane pointing in a direction that was odd for that time of year. He hurried inside the churchyard to one corner where he knew there was a sundial. But the sundial had almost been forgotten about over the years, and weeds had about choked out the sundial's usefulness. Hurriedly, he cleaned the weeds from around the primitive timepiece. And then he knew. Knew, from past experience that the wind from that direction, at that time of day, during that season could only mean storm. A bad one!

Hastily he rang the alarm bell and assembled his volunteer rescue crew. No sooner had they checked their rescue equipment than the cry came from the sea. A fishing craft was on the rocks during the sudden storm and the volunteers went to the rescue.

Several days later a delegation of grateful townsfolk came to the home of the rescue captain to bestow upon him the town's honors.

"I can't accept anything," he said modestly. "All I did was notice the weathervane atop the church, and the sundial in the churchyard. The vane was rusted and the dial was choked with weeds, but they gave the true warning."

Then, at his suggestion, he joined his neighbors in restoring both the weathervane and the sundial. But the townsfolk did more than that—they erected a small marker to the vane and the dial which read: *Semper Fidelis*—which in our language means "Always Faithful."

In pioneer days word got around town that the bank in Carson City, Nevada, was in poor financial condition, which incidentally, was true. One morning, before the bank opened up, the faithful employees discovered a "run" on the bank was in the making.

The lone teller, an ingenious fellow, gathered up the few remaining gold pieces, and placed them in a frying pan on the stove. After they heated, he took them back to his "cage" and the bank opened on time.

The first burley miner, the town bully, faced the teller.

"I'd like my money — and I'd like it in gold."

"Certainly, sir," the teller busied himself making the necessary entries in the books, and finally took a convenient pair of tongs and placed the correct number of gold pieces on the counter.

The customer grabbed the money, and promptly dropped it with a cry of pain.

"What is this?" the man growled, as the other customers crowded around as an interested audience.

"Oh," the teller looked up in feigned surprise, "haven't you heard? The United States Mint down the street is supplying us with money so fast that the coins don't have a chance to cool off."

Before the zipper age, people were forever buttoning themselves up only to find that, while what they were doing seemed natural and correct, the buttons and the buttonholes didn't always come out even. To undo and correct the final two or three buttons made a more noticeable "lump" than ever. The only correct thing to do was to go back to the point of the original mistake, usually the beginning, and start over again. Are we doing the same thing with our lives? Or with those we try to teach? Are we going to discover, when it is too late to go back, that the buttons and the buttonholes aren't going to come out even?

I passed through two farms up near the mountain canal on the way to my old home town. I saw that one farm had yielded an exceptionally good crop of oats. Notwithstanding the drought,

the cold in the spring, and other disadvantages the farmer had threshed an excellent yield. Just over the fence was another oat field, but a failure, comparatively speaking. I said to this second farmer: "Why, what is the matter? You must have planted poor seed."

"No, it is the same seed that my neighbor has."

"Then it was planted too late, and you did not have enough moisture to bring it up."

"It was sown the same afternoon that he sowed his."

Upon further inquiry, I learned that the first man had plowed his field in the fall; then he had disked it carefully in the spring; making a mulch on the surface, and by such tilling had conserved the moisture of the winter. His neighbor, on the other hand, had plowed his field late in the spring, and had left the furrows unharrowed; consequently the moisture had evaporated. Following the sowing of the seed came from four to six weeks of drought, and there was not sufficient moisture to germinate the seed. The first man had made preparation, the proper kind of preparation, and nature yielded the increase. The second man labored hard, but his preparation was poor; indeed, he had made inadequate preparation.

—President David O. McKay

REVELATION

On May 20, 1843 the Prophet Joseph Smith sent a letter to an editor, his friend Elder John Taylor, who later became President of the Church:

"To the Editor of the *Times & Seasons*:

"Sir:—Through the medium of your paper, I wish to correct an error among men that profess to be learned, liberal and wise, and I do it the more cheerfully, because I hope sober-thinking and sound-reasoning people will sooner listen to the voice of truth, then be led astray by the vain pretensions of the self-wise. The error I speak of, is the definition of the word 'Mormon.' It has been stated that this word was derived from the Greek word 'mormo.' This is not the case. There was no Greek or Latin upon the plates from which I, through the grace of God, translated the Book of Mormon. Let the language of that book speak for itself. On the 523d page of the fourth edition it reads:

> "And no, behold, we have written this record according to our knowledge, in the characters which are called among us the reformed Egyptian, being handed down and altered by us, according to our manner of speech. And if our plates had been sufficiently large we should have written in Hebrew; but the Hebrew hath been altered by us also; and if we could have written in Hebrew, behold, ye would have had no imperfection in our record. But the Lord knoweth the things which we have written, and also that none other people knoweth our language; therefore he hath prepared means for the interpretation thereof. (Mormon 9:32-34.)

"Here then the subject is put to silence, for 'none other people knoweth our language,' therefore the Lord, and not man, had to interpret, after the people were all dead. And as Paul said, 'the world by wisdom know not God,' so the world by speculation are destitute of revelation; and as God in his superior wisdom, has always given his Saints, wherever he had any on the earth, the same spirit, and that spirit, as John says, is the true spirit of prophecy, which is the testimony of Jesus. I may safely say that the word 'Mormon' stands independent of the learning and wisdom of this generation . . .

"The word 'Mormon' means literally 'more good.'

"Yours,

"JOSEPH SMITH"

(*D. H. C.* v:399-400.)

This is the prayer of Pastor Robinson as he blessed the Pilgrim fathers when they left in the *Mayflower* for the New World:

"Brethren, we are now quickly to part from one another, and whether I may ever live to see your face on earth anymore, the God of Heaven only knows; but whether the Lord has appointed that or not, I charge you before God and His blessed angels, that you follow me no farther than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. If God reveal anything to you, by any other instrument of His, be as ready to receive it, as ever you were to receive truth, by my ministry; for I am fully persuaded, I am very confident that the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of His holy word. For my part, I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their reformation. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw; whatever part of his will our good God has revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it, and the Calvinists, you see, stick fast, where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things. This is a misery much to be lamented; for though they were burning a shining light in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God; but were they now living, would be as willing to embrace further light as that which they at first received. I beseech you to remember it as an article of your church covenant: 'That you be

ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written word of God.' But I must herewithal exhort you to take heed what you receive as truth. Examine it, consider it, and compare it with other scriptures of truth, before you receive it; for it is not possible that the Christian world should come so lately out of thick anti-Chistian darkness, and that perfection of knowledge should break forth at once."

REVERENCE

President George Q. Cannon taught a forceful lesson in reverence for the sacrament. On one occasion while the sacrament was being administered, the bishop of the ward whispered to President Cannon. No attention was paid. In a moment the bishop repeated. Still no attention.

After the meeting the bishop remarked to a friend that President Cannon must be getting deaf. Hearing the remark, he came back in a flash, "I am always deaf when the sacrament is being administered. To me this is a time for renewing the Covenant, reviewing our lives, and making determinations to live up to the promises we make in every possible way."

SERVICE

A man dreamed a dream wherein he saw a banquet table filled with the good things of life,

and a happy throng file in to partake of that meal. But consternation resulted as the people in the dream discovered that the table silverware was not the usual type, but that it had extremely long handles that made the eating of the repast practically an impossibility.

Startled the man woke up but his nightmare continued to trouble him.

Then the very next night he dreamed the very same dream — the heavy-laden banquet was there as before. So were the people. Yes, and even the long-handled table silver was there as before. But this time those folk had solved their problem. This time they weren't trying to feed themselves with the long-handled knives and forks and spoons. They were using them to feed each other. They had solved their problems by service to each other!

❦

I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Real service is what I desire,
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
But don't ask me to sing in the choir!
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
I like to see things come to pass,
But don't ask me to teach anywhere, dear Lord,
I'd much rather stay in my class.
I'll give what you want me to give, dear Lord,
I yearn for the kingdom to thrive,

I'll give you some pennies or nickels, dear Lord,
But please don't ask me to tithe.
I'll read what you want me to read, dear Lord,
If genealogy isn't implied,
I never did like to search books, dear Lord,
For names of people who've died.
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Yes—I'll go most anywhere
But I've got too many tasks to do, dear Lord,
To go down to Welfare Square.
I'll give what you want me to give, dear Lord,
And I'm sure I'll never begrudge it,
But I haven't the money to spare, dear Lord,
To pay in the Welfare or Budget.
Yes, I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
I'll serve you with all my might,
But don't ask me to go to the Temple, dear Lord,
Because I'm far too busy each night.

—*Anon*

❦

From the hills of Lebanon, the water flows down in a stream called the River Jordan. It is a river below sea level. Two lakes are in its course. The first is lovely Galilee. Artists and poets have vied with each other in portraying its beauty. Religion turns its heart to the blue bit of water as to a shrine. We sing about it. Little children dream of its beauty.

Southward the Jordan flows into another lake. It is the Dead Sea. It is the saltiest water in the

world. There is no life in its depths. Vegetation cannot grow along its shores. It is impossible for a man to sink in it. It is the Dead Sea. Galilee is a living sea. One river feeds both. What makes the difference? Just this: the river flows through Galilee, it empties into the Dead Sea . . . One lake gives of its waters, the other only receives. The slight saltiness that is in all water has for aged poured into the Dead Sea.

Human beings are somewhat like these two bodies of water. There is a certain woman who has been denied many of the blessings of life. Does she repine and mope? Not for an instant! She is interested in an institution that brings health and happiness to crippled children. Her face is radiant. She is like the Sea of Galilee.

Then there is the man who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. For sixty years he has been receiving things. Everything that has come to him he has kept. He is now an old salt, crusted with selfishness. His friends endure him, while others avoid him. He is like the Dead Sea.

The philosophy of the Dead Sea is: "The doctrine of service is all wrong. What I get is mine to keep. I can live without birds and fish and people." Galilee has a different voice: "I pass on what comes to me; that keeps me fresh and pure. Little children love me, and come here to play. Birds come to drink and bathe their plumage. I am a shrine for those who love and serve."

SUCCESS

A young man went to the village counselor to ask how success could be obtained. The man of wisdom said he would tell the secret as they walked.

Arm in arm they started to walk through an unbridged stream, and suddenly the water was over the young man's head. He struggled, and struggled, and just as he was about to lose the grasp from his friend's hand, they were walking in shallow water again and soon they were on the dry bank again.

"Now," said the counselor, "tell me. What were you thinking about as we walked through that stream?"

"Air! My only thought was to obtain air."

"Yes, and when you can desire success in the same way, nothing can prevent your obtaining it."

Here is a formula of success from the pen of Dr. Daniel A. Poling:

"I will do my best; I will do my bit; God helping me, I will make my bit my dead-level best for others. And there are three essentials in realizing this goal: what you have, where you have it, and what you do with it."

Some time ago, a man on the highway halted, impressed by the rolling hills. In the midst of these hills he saw a beautiful straight furrow. He stopped by the fence, expecting to see an old, experienced farmer coming toward the end of the furrow, but instead he saw a youth. Immediately he said to the young chap, "Did you plow the first furrow in this field?"

"Yes, sir."

"You will do many straight things in life." And on his way the traveler went.

Twelve years went by. The man came again, this time by train. He was met at the station by a limousine. "We have a fine hotel in the city," he was told, "but I am taking the privilege of inviting you to my home. Will you kindly come?"

"Yes, I will be pleased. I am tired of hotels," the gentleman replied.

That night in the large auditorium, before the guest arose to address the audience, the man who had been entertaining him said, "I am the mayor of this city. Do you remember twelve years ago seeing a boy plow a straight furrow in an open field? That was I. Please do not say anything about it to this audience, but I shall be everlastingly grateful to you."

—*Oscar A. Kirkham*

A dog set out to catch a fox, but just as he about had the fox cornered, a rabbit chanced to

cross Fido's path, and in an instant the fox was forgotten and the chase began anew — for the rabbit. Soon the rabbit was about winded, when a mouse came upon the scene, and the dog found another interest — chasing the mouse. The chase was hard while it lasted, but soon the mouse found his hole in the ground, and disappeared from view. For a moment the dog stood over the entrance to the mouse's home, and then collapsed. It had been too much for him. He, like many of us, had persued too many of life's fleeting goals without sticking it out until one was accomplished.

A friend was admiring a farmer's wheat crop.

"Yes," said the farmer, "if the Lord will leave it alone, we'll have a bumper crop."

And the Lord left that wheat field alone, but it did not prosper. It sickened, wilted, and died. The blessings of heaven had been withdrawn from that field and that farmer.

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man, he ran for the Legislature in Illinois and was badly swamped. He next entered business, failed, and spent seventeen years of his life paying up the debts of a worthless partner.

He fell in love with a beautiful young woman to whom he became engaged — then she died.

Re-entering politics he ran for Congress and was badly defeated. He then tried to get an appointment to the United States Land Office, but failed.

He became a candidate for the United States Senate but again was badly defeated.

In 1856, he became a candidate for the vice-presidency and was defeated.

In 1858, he was defeated by Douglas for a seat in the Senate.

"It's about time you quit trying, isn't it?" inquired a friend.

"No time to quit," was Lincoln's quick reply. "I'm too busy preparing to make another attempt" — and Abraham Lincoln wrote his name indelibly in the history of the United States. He had no time to quit.

TEMPTATION

A man took his trusted watch to a watchmaker friend complaining: "This is a good watch, but lately it's not very dependable. It can't be of much use to me."

The watchmaker took the back off the watch, picked up a pair of tweezers, and lifted a piece of dirt from the watch, saying: "This watch needs cleaning — and you don't have to have a bushel of dirt to stop a watch; you have to keep a watch clean if you want it to be of service."

It doesn't take a bushel of temptation to get your thinking mixed up, either. You have to keep your life clean if it's going to be of service to you and your fellow men.

A giant tree was standing on the slopes of the Rockies when Columbus discovered America. How many times it had been hit by lightning and bent by storms before that, no one can tell. But there are visible evidences that lighting had hit it six or seven times since, and it has stood the ravages of floods, the destructive force of violent storms, and has furnished shelter for many kinds of animals during these storms. But now it lays crumbling in decay on the mountain side, brought to that state by the work of termites eating away that giant's strength and heart from within. Their destructive power was not visible from the outside until it was too late. The insidious work of hidden destroyers had felled the giant of the forest.

The Sunday School class was discussing the method of discerning messengers as discussed in the one hundred twenty-ninth section of the Doctrine and Covenants.

"Ask them to shake hands with you," the teacher summarized, "and if it is a resurrected being you'll be able to feel his hand; an unresur-

rected being will refuse to shake hands but will explain why; but if an angel of the devil is masquerading as an angel of light, he will accept your handshake, but you will feel no flesh or bones. Now, what would do if you met such a personage?"

One hand went up on the back row: "I'd be in bad company, and run like heck."

During the fifth century, B. C., the limestone and marble Parthenon was completed in Anthens, Greece. It was one of the architectual wonders of the ancient world — this magnificent structure built for the worship of one of their pagan goddesses. And over the years the best minds of ancient Greece met here to meditate on something better than themselves.

But as the centuries passed the Greeks turned away from their high ideals, and they, as a nation, were subdued by the Turks. The fine Greek buildings, constructed for so much better things, became places of revelry in the hands of the conquerors. The Parthenon itself became an ammunition dump. And so it was that day in 1687 when the powder magazine exploded and ruined this grand old building.

For over two hundred years that building lay in ruins, evidence of the misuse the Turks had given the structure. Finally modern Greece began a program of restoration.

Today the Parthenon is one of the tourist attractions of that part of the world. Today that building stands as a symbol of the fine things that came from ancient Greece — and also of how the wrong things can literally wreck havoc, if they are given entry. For surely, it is a law of retribution that what goes into a building or a man must be accounted for — for good or for evil.

TESTIMONY

An investigator of the gospel once said: "I am impressed with the way in which some of you are taken up with the idea of using the Lord, instead of with the idea of letting the Lord use you."

What is our attitude? Are we anxious to receive the earthly benefits that sometimes come with being a member of the Church, rather than being desirious to know what the Lord desires of us? Let us examine our own motives and experiences.

Not very long ago, a man who was investigating the Church and its doctrines came to me with this statement, "I have discovered the genius of Mormonism."

I was interested, of course, and said to him, "What is it?"

He answered, "It is your machinery for doing religious work." Seeing that I was not particularly impressed, he turned to me and said, "You don't believe it, do you?"

"No, I don't believe it," I replied, and without further comment he left.

Several weeks passed before the man returned. This time his spirit and attitude were altogether different. Upon entering my office he said, "I have read the Book of Mormon from cover to cover."

"Well, brother, what's the verdict?" I asked.

His answer came without hesitation, "It is true."

"Do you mean to say you believe the Book of Mormon is true?"

"Indeed I do," he replied, "and I believe Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, and I believe you Mormons," as he called us, "have the restored gospel of Jesus Christ."

Of course I was very happy. But I asked him another question: "Do you still believe that the genius of Mormonism is its superb organization?"

"No, never," he answered. "There is something back of that organization or it would not function. The thing that is back of it is the individual testimonies of all the members. If it had not been for the well-founded faith of the Pioneers, they would never have made the trek across the prairies to the Rocky Mountains. If it

were not for these convictions, your missionary system would collapse, and soon you would have no missionaries to send into the world. Your fiscal system would crumble similarly, for people don't pay tithing unless they have a testimony."

—*Alma Sonne*

TODAY

He was a spritely elderly man — one that had compressed many careers into one very enjoyable lifetime. His formula for happiness was to always look to the future — never to the past. And each time he was asked which of all his days in his long life proved to be the most interesting, he'd reply: "Today."

There are two golden days in the week, upon which and about which I never worry, two carefree days, kept free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is Yesterday; yesterday with its cares and frets, all its pains and aches, all its faults, mistakes, and blunders: it has passed forever beyond my recall. I cannot undo an act that I wrought; nor unsay a word that I said; all that it holds of my life of wrong, regret, and sorrow, is in the bitterest desert. Save for the beautiful memories — sweet and tender — that linger like the perfume of roses in the heart,

I have nothing to do with yesterday. It was mine. It *is* God's.

The other day that I do not worry about is Tomorow; tomorrow with all its possible adversities, its burdens, its large promise and poor performance, its failures and mistakes, is as far beyond my mastery as it's dead sister — Yesterday. It, too, is God's day. Its sun will rise in roseate splendor, or behind a mask of weeping clouds, *but it will rise.*

There is left for myself then, but one day in the week: *Today.* Any man can fight the battles of Today. Any woman can carry the burdens of just one day. Any man can resist the temptations of Today. It isn't the experience of Today that drives men mad. It is the remorse for something that happened yesterday — the dread of what Tomorrow may disclose. These are God's days. Leave them with Him.

Therefore, I think and I do, and I journey but one day at a time. That is the easy way. That is Man's Day. Dutifully I run my course and work my appointed tasks of this Day of ours. Yesterday, save for repentance, is tucked away on a shelf of life past. Tomorrow is God's secret. But today is mine to live, now!

—*Anon*

A little boy's father went away for a short business trip on a large plane.

"When's Daddy coming home?" the youngster asked his mother. "Tomorrow?"

"No . . . it will be three days and then tomorrow."

Each day he asked his mother the same question and was answered: "Two days and then tomorrow . . . One day and then tomorrow . . . Yes, tomorrow Daddy will be home . . . "

And late on the night of the appointed day this small lad was taken to the airport. After what seemed to him an eternity he saw the plane come out of the clear blue night and make a perfect landing.

A moment later he was in his father's arms calling: "Oh, Daddy, tomorrow's gone already, and you've come."

Certainly that was a pleasant experience for that small boy. But in our own appointed tasks, will we find it so pleasant if suddenly we discover that "tomorrow's gone already"?

VALUES

A father showed his son a beautiful and expensive landscape saying that the son should never forget such a sight in his daily living.

The son vowed that he would not.

Then the father handed the son a ten-cent piece requesting him to bring that coin up close to one eye.

"Now what do you see with that one eye?" the father asked.

"The dime has crowded out the landscape."

"My son," said the father, "that's the way with money. It crowds out the true values of life, if you permit it to get too close to you."

Talent is something but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave and respectable; tact is all that and more, too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five.

Talent is power, tact is skill, talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable, tact makes him respected; talent is wealth, tact is ready money.

Two men were sitting in a Pullman car. As the train covered mile after mile the men covered subject after subject. They had discussed the political field, the economic field, and world affairs. Eventually, almost inevitably, they got around to religion.

"Just what is a Mormon, anyway?" the one man asked. "What do you expect of your people? If one man was going to be a composite of all your beliefs and practices, what would he be?"

The other man paused for a moment before making his reply. "You really are asking what

we require of a man if he is to be a good Latter-day Saint," he finally said. "Let me see if I can summarize it for you."

Referring to his traveling companion's love for the United States, the speaker then said:

"For one thing, a good Mormon would have to be a good citizen of his country, no matter whether he were an American, or a Canadian, or a Mexican, or a citizen of any other country. We believe he should be law abiding and that he should interest himself in good government. A man cannot be a bad citizen and at the same time be a good Latter-day Saint.

"Then he must be honest. A good member of our Church must be free from hypocrisy, deception, and misrepresentation, whether in business, at home, or in the Church. He should pay his bills. A debt is a debt, and it must be met. He should give an honest day's work for an honest day's pay. He should not accept money under false pretenses. Neither should he try to get privileges to which he is not entitled. He should live the Golden Rule. He should keep his word to his fellows, his family, and his God. A good Latter-day Saint makes promises or covenants with the Lord, pledging to obey his word. We feel that he must keep these pledges. But he cannot be honest with God if he is not honest with his fellowmen.

"A Latter-day Saint must maintain high standards of living. That includes abstinence from tobacco, liquor, and all other so-called stimulants, narcotics, or intoxicating substances. He must be morally clean, and that includes modesty in dress as well as observance of the law of chastity. He must be true to his own wife and family and avoid all other feminine interests. He does not play cards. He does not frequent places of questionable character, nor associate with persons of doubtful integrity. He will not cheat.

"The real Latter-day Saint believes in ideal home conditions where parents and children associate together in the bonds of love. It is a home of jovial companionship, a home of worship and of prayer, it is a home where gospel standards prevail.

"The true Latter-day Saint believes so much in God and accepts his word to such an extent that he will seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness knowing that all else needful will be given to him. He will give of his time, his talents, and his means to the upbuilding of the kingdom of God.

"He is one who believes God is the same yesterday, today, and forever and that he will maintain in our day his own true Church, organized and empowered as was the Church in ancient times; that God will guide his Church, which constitutes the giving of modern revela-

tion; that revelation makes necessary prophets to receive the current word of God.

"He believes in Joseph Smith as a restorer of Christ's Church, following a world-wide departure from the truth. He, therefore, accepts the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants and Pearl of Great Price as scriptures, just as he accepts the Bible. He also accepts the leadership of the apostles, prophets, seers, and revelators in the Church knowing that they are divinely appointed men of God.

"He will walk the straight and narrow way, even in the face of temptation and persecution. He will follow his Master, Jesus the Christ, whom he knows to be the Son of God, the Creater of the world.

"That in brief is a definition of a good Latter-day Saint."

—Mark E. Petersen

There's no thrill in easy sailing,
Where the skies are clear and blue;
There's no joy in merely doing
Things which anyone can do.
But there is great satisfaction,
That is mighty sweet to take,
When you reach a destination
That you thought you couldn't make.

—Anon

There is a story that life once placed tags on all of the good things and on all the bad qualities. But in the middle of the night some mischievous prankster entered into the display room and mixed up the labels by placing a low price tag on some virtues of great worth while he placed high price tags on some items of questionable value. Thus we are often confused because we are not always able to tell — from our vantage point at the moment — what is of great value and what is not.

But what about the value of eyesight? What is the cash value of your freedom? Or, what is the real value that comes with your activities of a spiritual nature? Truly, what are the price tags on these?

Last year there was a great celebration at Farmer Brown's cornfield. A white crow was born to one of the flock. In Birdland a white crow is a rare bird. A good omen. That's why they were so happy about the blessed event.

Whitey, that's what they called him, was soon flying high with the flock paying him homage. They gave him the finest nest at the top of the tallest tree, they lined it with costly gossamer, and let him feed on the choicest corn in the field. This lucky bird never knew what it was to work. The other crows felt honored to

serve him. He had white feathers. That was something to crow over.

And crow he did. Morning, noon, and night he let them know that he had been born a white crow, different from the ordinary black crow, entitled to the spotlight all the time.

One night the crows gave Whitey a banquet. The guest of honor sat on a raised place with a high spotlight on him. His white feathers gleamed as he preened himself in his glory.

Over at the farmhouse the chatter of the hilarious birds reached the ears of Farmer Brown. "I'm tired of feeding those crows," he growled. "I'll fix them this time."

He took his shotgun and crept toward the noisemakers. There was no moon. The night was dark. The black crows were invisible in the dark of the night, but Whitey was as conspicuous as the sun over the Sahara.

Farmer Brown took aim and fired. He hit the only target he could see. The next day they buried Whitey with great pomp.

Birds and men are seldom blessed with good fortune and good sense at the same time.

—*Anon*

His gifts are small who offers wealth
Without the will to smile,
And seeks for others' happiness,
That shortens every mile.

He gives the most who gives himself
To friendliness and cheer,
And works to help his brother find
A smoother journey here.

—Anon

If we work upon marble, it will perish;
If we work upon brass, time will efface it;
If we rear buildings, they will crumble into dust;
But if we work upon immortal souls,
If we imbue them with principle,
With the just fear of God,
And the love of fellow man,
We engrave on those tablets
Something which will brighten all eternity.

—Daniel Webster

VIEWPOINT

The watermain had broken and a repair crew were digging preparing for the necessary repairs.

"Come quick! Come quick!" called one of the men, "Pietro's stuck in the mud up to his knees!"

"Tell him to wade out!" the foreman replied.

"Pietro no can wade — he stuck wrong way up."

And that's how many of us tackle our problems . . . from the wrong way.

A stranger said to a group of workers who were building a mammoth wall: "That's a mighty big job you have on your hands."

"Not at all," one worker looked up. "It isn't so bad. You do it one brick at a time."

An obstinate character was taken by a friend to see Niagara Falls. Both men looked on with utter amazement that nature could show such a phenomenon as that. Then the host turned to his friend saying: "Can you imagine anything so amazing?"

"Yes," said the old gentleman, "now that you ask I most certainly can. Just imagine how much more amazing it would be if the water should turn around and run the other way."

Cowardice asks, "Is it safe?"
Expediency asks, "What will it get me?"
Vanity asks, "Is it popular?"
Conscience asks, "Is it right?"

In a county whose best citizens were recent emigrants from the Old Country, feelings were running high as a new school building was planned.

Two sites were under consideration, and so Hans Peterson and Jacob Johnson were appointed to go to New Copenhagen, attend the school meeting, and speak in favor of locating the school in their own New Stockholm.

This they did, and on returning to New Stockholm, they found their fellow townsmen waiting for a report.

"Vell, boys, I tell you," said Hans, "first Yacob Yohnson got up and spoke. Dey hissed him all t'rough his speech. Ven he sat down it was my turn — but all t'rough my speech dey vere still hissing Yacob Yohnson."

WELFARE PLAN

When I was a boy, there was a group of us who used to go from school direct to the swimming hole instead of going home. In the spring we could hardly wait for the snow to melt before hurrying to our swimming place. I remember one spring we were there when there was still snow under the willows and on the north banks. We prepared for the dip. Some of us felt the water with our fingers, then with our toes; it was cold and the air was chilly; we remained on the bank shivering.

There was one boy in the group, however, who was a leader. He did not touch his toe to the water, nor feel of it. He just ducked under and

enjoyed the swim. Some of us went home without ducking under, and naturally we did not enjoy the swim.

Some of us today are on the bank, hesitating and shivering with reference to the Welfare Plan, and perhaps some of our other responsibilities in the Church. Let me advise you to duck under and you will have great job in your labors. Give to this work the best you have.

—Thomas E. McKay

This is the story of President George Albert Smith:

"When World War II was over, I went representing the Church to see the President of the United States. When I called on him, he received me very graciously — I had met him before — and I said: 'I have just come to ascertain from you, Mr. President, what your attitude will be if the Latter-day Saints are prepared to ship food and clothing and bedding to Europe.'

"He smiled and looked at me, and said, 'Well, what do you want to ship it over there for? Their money isn't any good.'

"I said: 'We don't want their money.'

"He looked at me and asked: 'You don't mean you are going to give it to them?'

"I said: 'Of course, we would give it to them. They are our brothers and sisters and are in distress. God has blessed us with a surplus, and we

will be glad to send it if we have the co-operation of the government.'

"He said, 'You are on the right track,' and added, 'we will be glad to help you in any way we can.'

"I have thought of that a good many times. After we had sat there a moment or two, he said again: 'How long will it take you to get this ready?'

"I said: 'It's all ready.'

"Then I said, 'Mr. President, while the administration in Washington was advising the destroying of food, we were building elevators and filling them with grain, and increasing our flocks and our herds, and now what we need is the cars and the ships in order to send considerable food, clothing, and bedding to our members in Europe who are in distress.'"

WORD OF WISDOM

A ship's passenger, while professing his religion was not living it. He had coffee for breakfast. He assumed a careless attitude toward sacred things. He was standing at the bar one day when the ship hit an iceberg and was disabled. It was he who suggested that they all join in prayer and ask for God's protection. The night was a sleepless one for him and he went to break-

fast knowing that the perilous position of the ship was unimproved.

His companions noticed that he wasn't drinking his usual cup of coffee and questioned him concerning it.

"No sir," came the prompt reply. "I'm not having coffee this morning, and I am not going to taste another drop of tea, coffee, or liquor until this voyage is over."

Late on the morning of Memorial Day, 1953, a traveling salesman came into the Union Station at Ogden, Utah, requesting a train ticket to Omaha, his home office.

"I'm sorry, Sir," the ticket man said, "our morning trains to Omaha have already departed and there won't be any other service until late this evening."

"I must be in Omaha early tomorrow morning."

"Wait a minute—about noon today we'll have a special leaving for Omaha. Would you like accommodations on that train?"

"I certainly would — the best accommodations."

The special train left Ogden at one minute past noon. Some time later the traveling salesman came into the lounge car to sit down to enjoy his paper. Suddenly he had an uncom-

fortable feeling and looked up to discover that he was the only one smoking. He quietly disposed of his cigar.

Dinnertime found the dining car crowded. But the steward spoke to a man and his wife and came back to invite the salesman to share that table.

It was then that the salesman picked up the menu and then practically exploded:

"What kind of a train did I get on, anyway? They told me that it was a special — but this afternoon I was the only one smoking, and now I see that someone has run a pen stroke through the word 'coffee' on the menu."

"Permit me to introduce myself," the other man sitting at the table said. "I'm Marion G. Romney of Salt Lake City. This is my wife. I am an Apostle of the Mormon Church. Yes, this is a special train. Our Church has chartered it— the passengers are to attend the dedicatory services of the Mormon Pioneer Memorial Bridge across the Missouri River just outside Omaha."

After an enjoyable meal they returned to the lounge car where the salesman now joined into the discussion and conversation that extended far into the night as the train sped across eastern Wyoming and western Nebraska.

The following morning as Omaha, the destination, was neared, the salesman went around shaking hands and saying: "This is the first

time in years that I've really enjoyed myself without getting drunk . . ."

The men of the party had met and decided their ticket to be presented to the city's voters on election day. As the last order of business that night, the men of the party drank a toast to the success of their political party.

"Wait a moment," interrupted the leader, "Mr. Jones, aren't you with us? Don't you wish the party success at the polls? Your glass is not at your lips!"

"Sir, I'm with you and the party in everything but the liquor in the glass."

"Gentlemen," the leader turned, "there is a man that lives his ideals. And it is such men, who are true to their ideals, that have made this country great."

A woman joined the Church in Europe, emigrated, married, and reared a fine family of Latter-day Saints. Still she had one weakness, she enjoyed brewing a cup of tea for herself in the old teapot that stood on the back of the stove.

One night she dreamed that she had entered the celestial glory — and it was everything she expected it would be. But she looked down, and there in her hand was her ugly, dirty old teapot.

She looked for a place to hurriedly dispose of it, but there were no such places in the celestial realm.

She woke in a cold sweat. Her mind was made up. She took the ancient teapot from the stove and marched out the backdoor with in into the dead of night. She threw her prized possession into the river that flowed at the bottom of her property. "There," she called, "you're not going to heaven with me."

The speaker had just finished a masterful discourse on the Word of Wisdom when one of his listeners asked:

"Do you mean to tell me that a cup of coffee will keep you out of the celestial kingdom?"

And the speaker replied with a knowing twinkle in his eye: "A cup of coffee will never keep me out of the celestial kingdom, but will it you?"

One night, a generation or so ago, a slow local train was making its way over the countryside. It was quiet, and restful, and still and each member of the crew was fighting himself to keep awake. At last the train reached a town

where there was a lunch room and a twenty minute stop. The train crew went into the lunch room and sat at the counter. To a man they ordered the same thing, and soon the waitress was back serving the engineer, fireman, baggageman, conductor, and brakeman.

"Say," said the flagman, forcing one eye open, "I ordered coffee, too."

The waitress looked up in feigned surprise. "Well, you can't have any, Al. You're a Mormon."

In telling the story many times, the flagman said: "I'd known that waitress for years, but I didn't realize that she really knew me, until I ordered that first cup of coffee from her. After her answer I was wide awake for the rest of the night."

YOUTH

Ann was a small girl, not used to traveling. But it so happened that during her journey her train crossed two branches of a large river and several wide streams.

The water, seen from a distance, always created doubts and fear in Ann's young mind.

Two or three times the same thing happened, and finally Ann leaned back in relief saying: "Someone has built a bridge for us — just where we need it — all the way."

And that is how youth should find it—bridges over the bad spots—in life.

❦

There are few harbors in the South Seas. Ships approach islands as close as they dare, and unload their cargoes on to native canoes, which are rowed to shore by the young men of the island. And how they row! In some of the Samoan Islands there are particularly dangerous coral reefs near the shore. Therefore an older man goes with every canoe, and approaching the shore, the canoe comes to a stop while the experienced eye of the guide watches the waves coming shoreward. Finally comes the right swell, and the guide calls for the young men to put their canoe on to that crest and the canoe and its precious burden rides safe and high on the wave over the reef to the shore!

Teachers of youth are like that guide that watches the waves from the South Seas canoes. And many a teacher has saved many a youth from destroying himself on the reefs of life, by carefully watching the waves coming in!

❦

While sleeping out with his Boy Scout troop on a high and lonely mountain, a Scoutmaster detected that one of the boys was not sleeping.

"What's the matter, Jack?" inquired the leader.

"Nothing," came the prompt reply from the youth.

"Why, then, are you not sleeping?"

"I'm just listening to the noises of the night," the youth answered.

The leader listened for a moment and then replied questioningly, "I can't hear anything."

"Listen carefully, and you will hear a lot of things."

This was a challenge. Listening intently, he heard to his surprise many noises, some faint, some more distinct, but a variety of sounds coming from where he had thought to be complete quietude.

In conversation, we are often guilty of not listening. We are so concerned with what we are going to say that we sometimes fail to listen to what others are saying . . .

❦

The youngster had been lamenting about how hard he had to work on his family's farm.

And his old grandfather said: "I worked for fifty years sixteen hours a day on this farm . . . and my son, your father, who was born in this farm, as you were, your father has worked throughout his life fourteen hours a day . . ."

"Grandfather," the youngster looked up in atonishment, "if you and Dad worked that long on this farm, why is there so much work left here for me to do?"

Of course the young man did not realize that no matter how tall your ancestor was, you must do your own growing.

Age has no monopoly on accomplishment. Witness the following:

Napoleon was 24 when he became a general.

McCormick was 23 when he invented the reaper.

Newton was 24 when he formulated the law of gravity.

Franklin was 26 when he first wrote *Poor Richard's Almanac.*

Dickens was 25 when he wrote *Oliver Twist.*

But each man used his accomplishent as a steppingstone for other goals in life.

Many will remember a story that appeared in one of our old schoolbooks. The author pictured some young people sailing down the river towards Niagara Falls, and the man on the shore cried:

"Young men, ahoy, the rapids are below you!"

But they went on laughing and carousing.

Later he cried: "Young men, ahoy, the rapids are below you!"

But they did not heed his warning call until they suddenly realized that they were in the midst of the rapids; and with all the power at

their command they could not turn the boat upstream; so the author said, "Shrieking and cursing, over they go!"

The lesson left an indelible impression upon me in my younger years, but today it seems incomplete. It is one thng to stand on the shore and cry: "Young man, ahoy, there is danger ahead." And it is another thing to row into the stream, and, if possible, get into the boat with the young people and by companionship, by persuasion, and by legitimate force, when necessary, turn the boat from the rapids before it is too late.

Too many of us stand on the shore and cry: "Young men, ahoy!" Let us go into their lives, let us touch their personality by our personality, and let them feel that there is something real in this religion; that it is the greatest thing in life, that nothing else can make them live as fully and happily as the true religious life.

—President David O. McKay

David, twelve-year-old-son of an Admiral in the United States navy, joined his father's fleet as a cabin boy, as they sailed to New Orleans to quell a treasonable uprising of Aaron Burr.

Unwisely David took up gambling, drinking, and swearing. His father worried. He was not a religious man, but he knew that those things

would pollute that boy's life, especially while he was young and he cautioned the sailors not to take David into their card games, or to take him to the bar and treat him with grog. He was learning to like grog, and learning to like tobacco and swearing and his father did not like that. David was a bright active young boy, and the sailors liked to have him in the game. But the Admiral decided that David must decide for himself.

One day after the noon meal the father dismissed the officers but said to David: "What do you intend to be when you grow to be a man?"

David threw back his shoulders: "I intend to follow the sea!"

"Yes," said the Admiral, "follow the sea. Be a poor, miserable drunken sailor, kicked and cuffed about before the mast, and die of fever in some foreign hospital."

"No," said David, "I intend to tread the quarter deck and command as you do."

"No, David, no boy ever trod the quarter deck with such principles as you have, and such habits as you are exhibiting. You will have to change your whole course of life if you grow to be that man."

The father left David alone. And as the prodigal son, David came to himself. He promised to change his life, right then and there to never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor; to never take the name of God again in vain; to never gamble again.

In about an hour three sailors saw David pass and said: "Come and have a game of cards."

Others offered him a drink, but he said, "No thank you," cheerily.

David was with his father as they quelled the treason of Aaron Burr.

Years afterward a banquet was given in the Waldorf Hotel in New York City to an Admiral who had won distinction in the recent Civil War. And when Admiral David Farragut of the United States Navy was introduced as the guest of honor he rose and asked: "Would you men like to know to what I owe my success in the Navy?"

A round of applause was the answer. He continued:

"It was all owing to a resolution I formed when I was a young boy of twelve, acting as cabin boy to my father, who went to New Orleans to quell the treason of Aaron Burr." Then he gave the above story, pausing for a moment to emphasize that part of his resolution about not taking the name of Deity in vain, with: "As God is my witness, I have kept that vow to this day."

A father decided that since he had five husky youngsters on his hands, and since it is as natural for children to play as it is for men to

work — he would plan great days for them of fun, fishing, playing, and hunting. Father could swim, box, hunt, fish, wrestle, and play ball. He could run faster, longer, puff less, and laugh heartier than any of them. I wonder if he knew what he was really doing? Did he know that he was tying a little boy to his heart? Did he know that a boy tied to a man seldom goes wrong? Yes, and he also knew that if you play with your boy, you can pray with your boy. I've always felt sorry for boys whose Dads were too busy to hike, to carve, to whistle a bird tune, and then found the boy too busy to confide and to pray.

Jails, correction homes, hospitals, and sanitariums are very expensive to build at the bottom of a cliff. But a fence of wholesome fun, understanding, and love around a home, costs much less, and is likely to prevent a fall.

The dictionary describes the word parable as: "A comparison; specifically, a short narrative from which a moral or spiritual truth is drawn." What the dictionary does not say is that ofttimes, when a parable is used, it springs to life, lighting up the whole idea under consideration.

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